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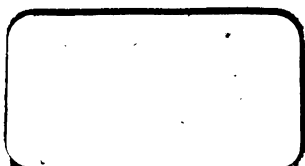
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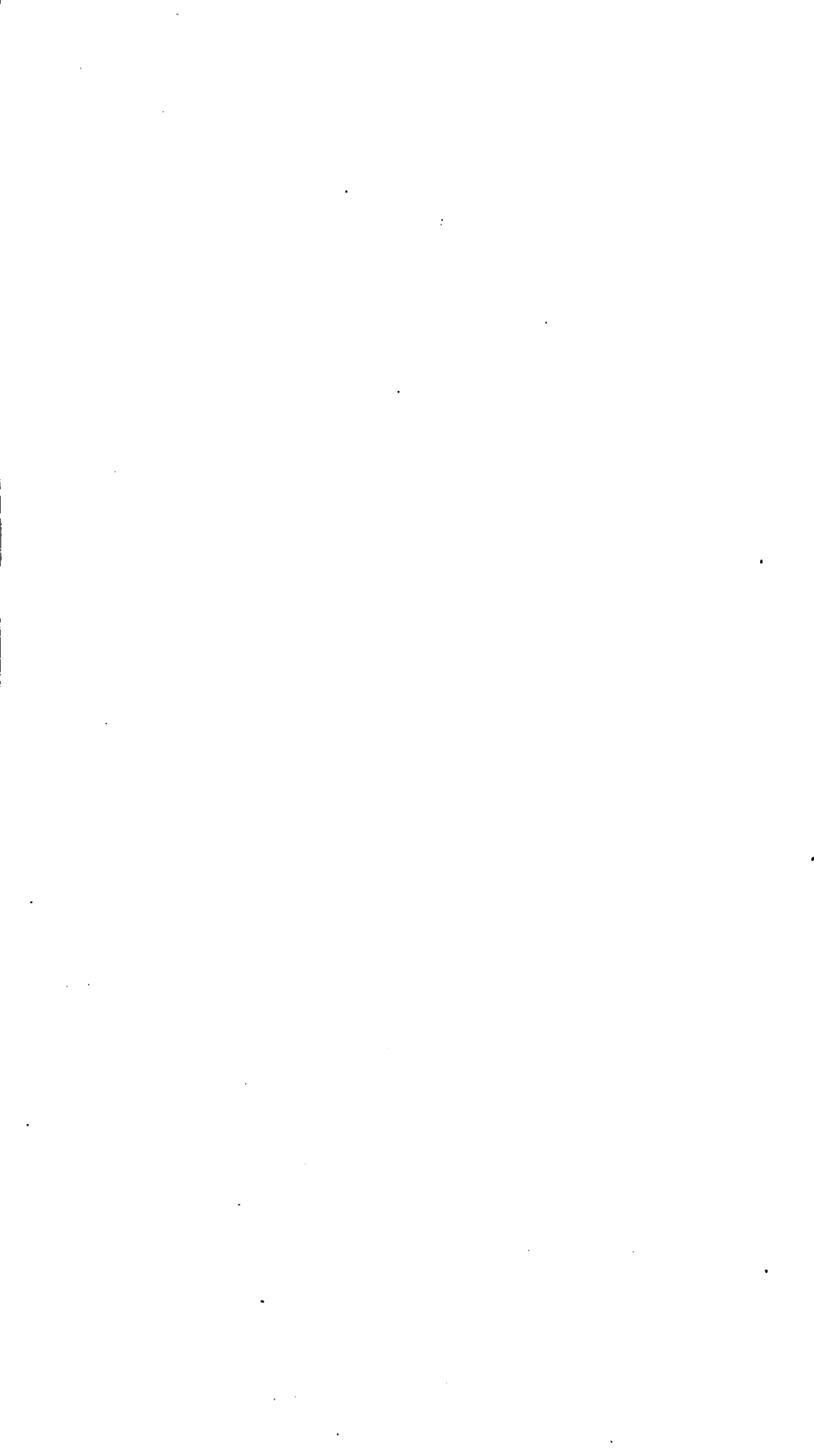
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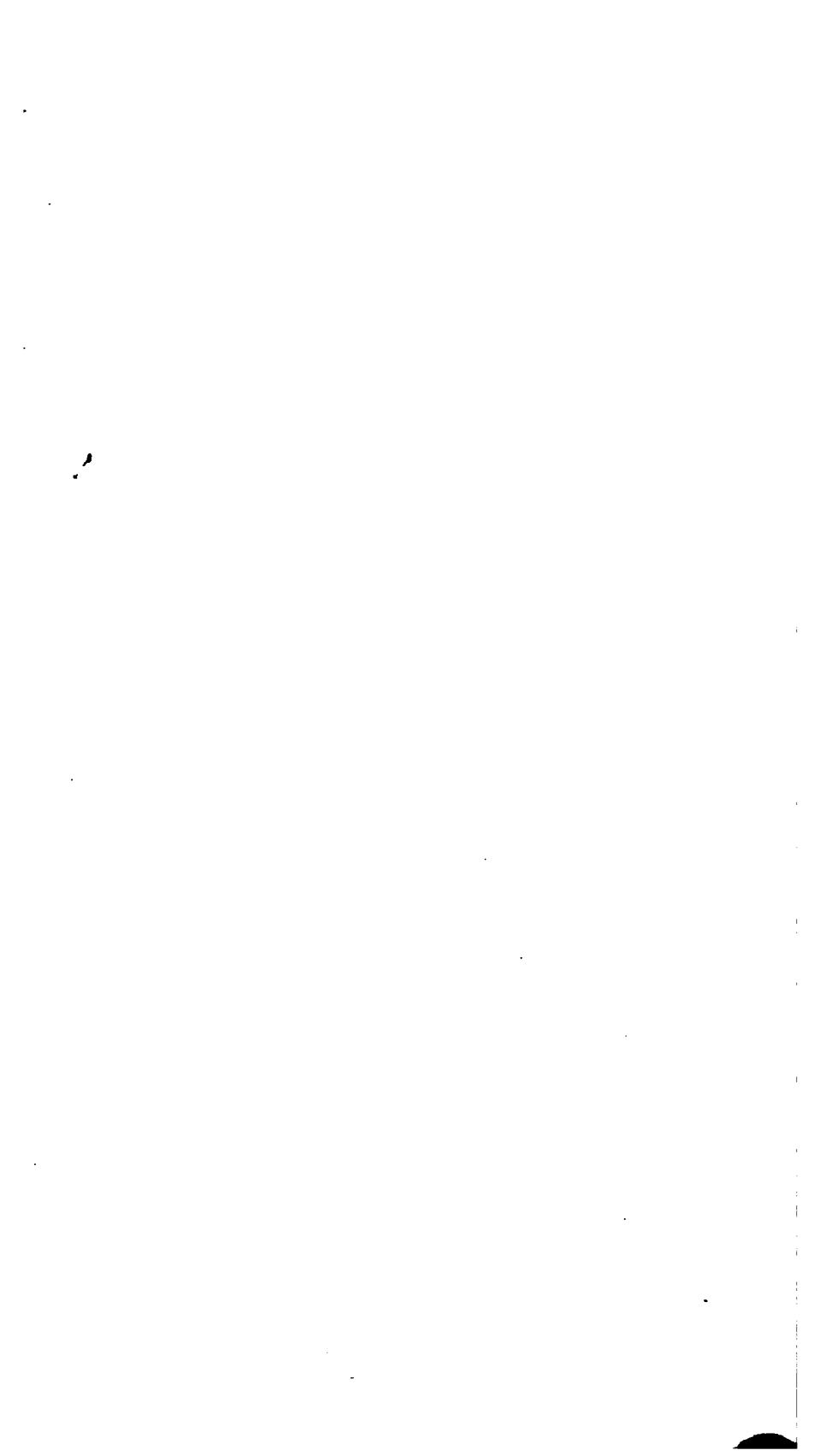
William Lord Reed

KF 296











**JUMBLES**

(Re-jumbled)



# **Jumbles**

(Re-Jumbled.)

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J U M B L E S  
(RE-JUMBLED)

By  
WILLIAM LORD REED

Oceanic Publishing Co.,  
23-25 East 26th St., New York City.

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JULY 10, 1940

TO MY POET (?) GRANDSON.

NOT quite so unpoetic as you deem  
us,  
O certis puer, "irritabile genus."  
True poet art thou, by that very sign  
Old Horace gave us rhyming, grandson  
mine.  
Your *verses* pleased us, and if that  
could be,  
Still more your charming versatility.

W. W. L.

TO MY POET GRANDFATHER.

TO me your verse comes as paternal  
blessing—  
Altho' your "certis puer" had me  
guessing!  
My Latin rode away upon a "pony"—  
The brand I use is dubbed by moderns  
"phony";—  
But this embryo bard indites for hire—  
"Unworthy scion of a noble sire";  
I must admit the truth, alas! alack!  
My Pegasus is but a livery hack;  
And tho' my candor cost a kingly ran-  
som—  
Your old friend Horace never hired my  
hansom.

W. L. R.

60

My Grandfather  
William Wilberforce Lord

---

MAN IN FOUR SEASONS.

BY W. W. L.

"In *Laus tolli Muth*," &c.

In SPRING came flowers,  
With all the showers,  
And I was glad,

Pierce SUMMER's heat  
Upon me beat,  
And I went mad.

Soon AUTUMN came,  
With milder flame,  
And I was blest.

Through WINTER wild  
O lead thy child  
God! to my rest.

## **Jumbles**

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# PREAMBLE

(Go Jumbles)



**T**HE majority of the verses in this volume appeared some years ago in the "Pittsburgh Dispatch" and are now reprinted and pushed on the long-suffering public by request.

They are dedicated to any one possessing patience to read them.

Respectfully,

THE AUTHOR



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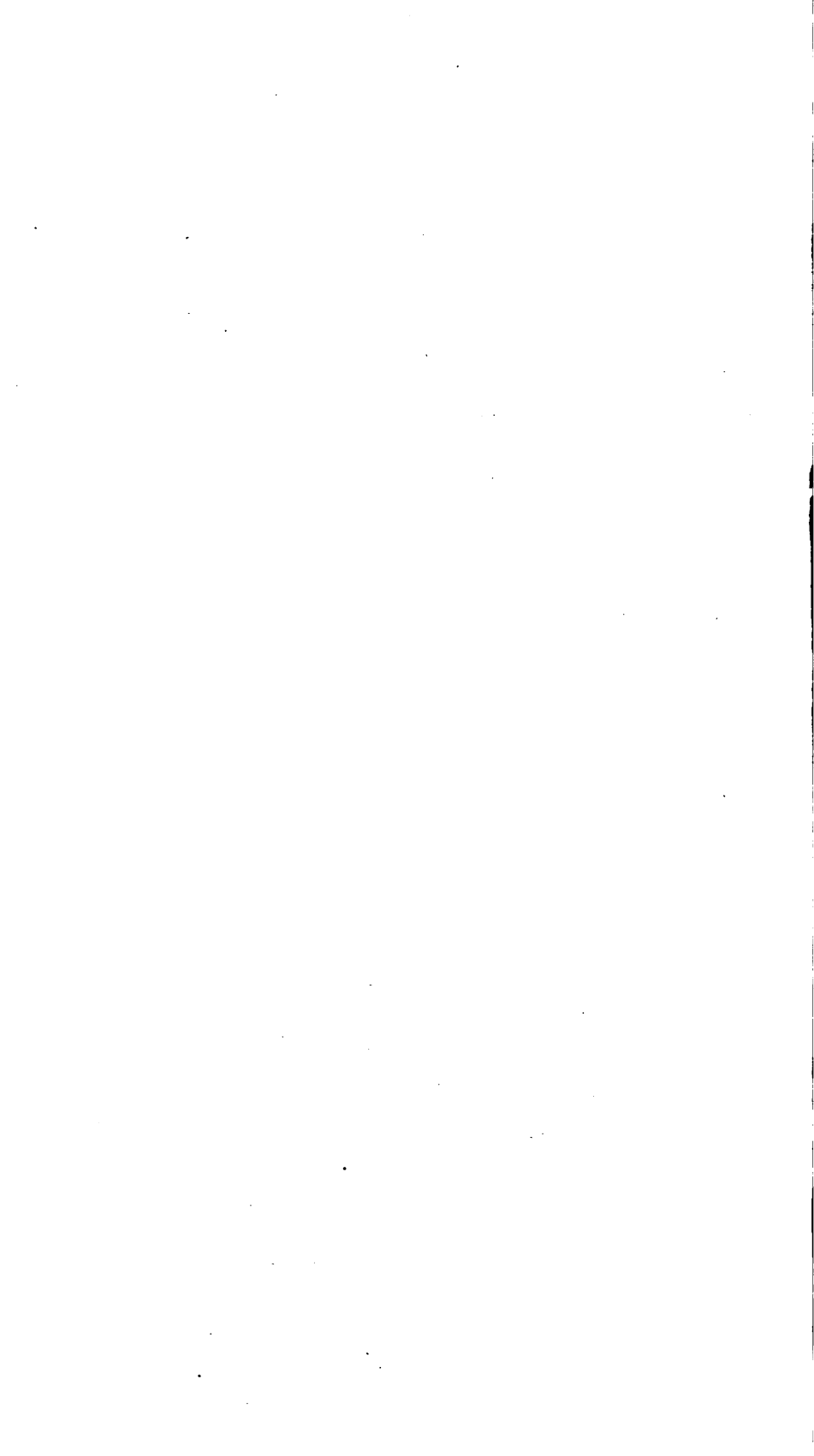
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Christmas



## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

**T**HE Spirit of Christmas, its wide  
wings outspread,  
Hovers over the land from the  
sea to the sea;  
And I, in the knowledge, with humbly  
bowed head,  
Kneel and pray that its peace may  
descend upon me.

The Spirit of Christmas! Awake to  
the thought!  
Cast out every shadow of sorrow or  
sin.  
Rise up! Sad and weary one, care-  
overwrought,  
Throw open thy heart that its light  
may shine in.

Throw open thy heart and wide open  
thy door  
To the lowly and lone, to those sadder  
than thou;  
The path of the Christ ever led to the  
poor—  
From Bethlehem's star to the thorn-  
circled brow.

The poor and the needy, the lowly and  
lone,  
The sad and disheartened, the halt  
and the blind;  
For many a sin thou may'st swiftly  
atone  
By a grasp of the hand—by a word  
that is kind.

The Spirit of Christmas! Come, lift up  
thy voice—  
Let our song swell the chorus angelic  
above;  
Let our souls soar aloft and together  
rejoice  
In the spirit of light, merry laughter  
and love.

And to you, on love-laden pinions, I  
pray  
May God speed the Spirit of Christmas  
to-day.

## PREDESTINATION.

THE little toy soldier stood on the  
shelf,  
Talking away to his little tin  
self—

"Tho' my coat's red paint and my  
trousers new,  
I'm certainly feeling an indigo blue—

To-day I'm worth money—but life's no  
joke—

The day after Christmas I'm bound to  
be—*broke.*"

## CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

THERE'S Christmas in the faces of  
the people that we meet,  
There's Christmas in the toy-  
loaded windows on the street,  
There's Christmas in the laughter of the  
bundle-burdened throng,  
As with a Christmas greeting they go  
hurrying along.

And if, perchance, your Christmas isn't  
all that it should be—  
With a home of Yuletide youngsters  
making merry 'round a tree;  
If your Christmas gifts have somehow  
been sidetracked along the way,  
And all you have's the memory of a by-  
gone Christmas day;

Let your lips still sing the anthem,  
"Peace on earth, good will to men"—  
Lift your soul above your sorrow—let  
yourself be borne again  
On the spirit wings of Christmas from  
your dead ideals apart,  
And your Christmas will be Christmas  
if there's Christmas in the heart.

## THE LAND O' LOVE.

**T**HE Land o' Love lies o'er the lea—  
Thro' shoals of Self in you—in  
me;

Across the ocean of Discontent—  
Where waves of Care toss turbulent;  
On past the shores of Golden Dust—  
Over the mountains of Hate and Lust;  
In the violet valley of Hope and Trust—  
Lies the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love a baby's eyes  
Laugh on the world in wonderwise;  
A baby's lips lisp, soft and low,  
Baby words only mothers know;  
Bowed to earth is the Sire sublime—  
Baby limbs over "horsey" climb;  
'Tis Spring, sweetheart, and the Sowing-  
time

In the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love the youth and maid  
Hand in hand stand unafraid;  
Lips to lips and heart to heart—  
All in all—from the world apart;  
Not 'neath the arc of heaven is room  
For the smallest, tiniest bit of gloom;  
'Tis glorious Summer, and Life's abloom  
In the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love the father stands  
Wiping his brow with horny hands;  
The mother smiles on the children  
there—

Sturdy sons and a daughter fair  
Who croons in low voice, soft and clear,  
A song to a babe in the cradle near;  
'Tis golden Autumn and Harvest, dear,  
In the Land o' Love.

In the Land o' Love the moon hangs  
low,

As hung in dead years long ago  
The jewel of Peace in God's diadem—  
The star o'er the stable in Bethlehem.  
In the firelight's glow two white heads  
nod—

Dreaming of rose-strewn paths long  
trod;

'Tis Winter now, and the Peace of God  
In the Land o' Love.

The Land o' Love lies o'er the lea—  
Thro' shoals of Self in you—in me;  
Across the ocean of Discontent—  
Where waves of Care toss turbulent;  
On past the shores of Golden Dust—  
Over the mountains of Hate and Lust;  
In the violet valley of Hope and Trust—  
Lies the Land o' Love.



## TOYS.

**C**HRISTMAS with its joys and toys  
Was only meant for little boys;  
Their's to wake on Christmas  
morn—

Heedless of the Child-Christ born;  
And with merry laugh and play  
Greet the gladsome Christmas day.

But when sleep her wings has spread  
Over each tired, tousled head;  
Toys forgotten, broken, gone—  
Only dreams until the dawn;  
Then perhaps we *grown-ups* may  
Give a thought to Christmas day.

What to us has Christmas been,  
Man to man—here deep within?  
Then the timely truth we read,  
Heedless of the Christ-Man's creed—  
We are only little boys  
Trading away each other's toys.

## HER CROWNING GLORY.

**“G**LORY! Glory! Glory!”  
Chants the choir this Christmas  
morn.

“Glory! Glory! Glory!”  
On the whispering breeze is borne,  
And I echo “Glory, Glory!”  
For I'm watching, during prayer,  
All the glorious glory tangled  
Up in Effie's Titian hair.

### A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

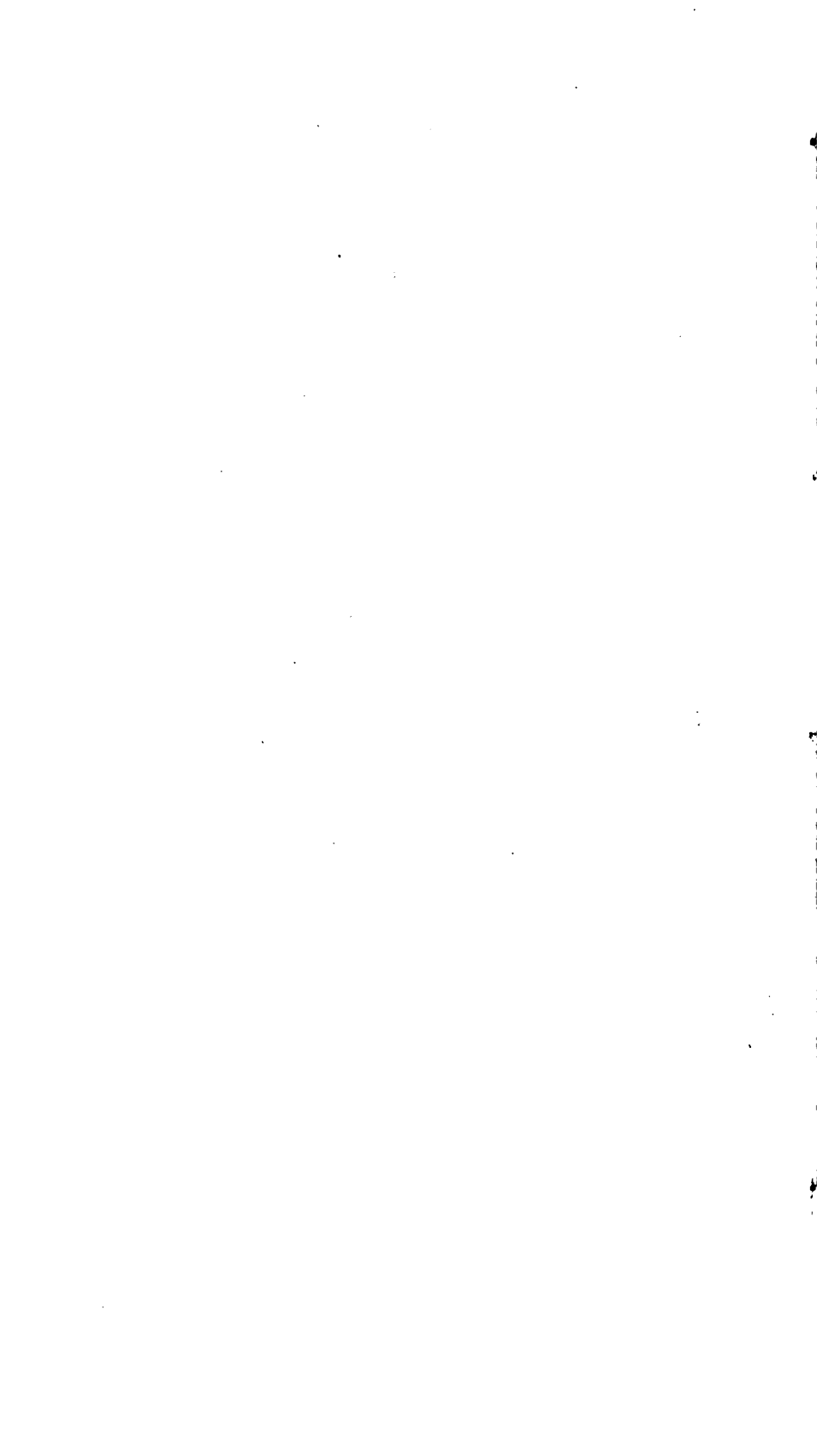
AS we sit by the dying embers,  
At the close of the dying year,  
Dreaming of dead Decembers,  
Hopes dead, but to memory dear,  
From out the surrounding gloaming  
A ghastly gathering comes  
In time to a rythmic moaning—  
Like the beating of muffled drums;  
And we sit and silently shudder  
At the hideous retinue,  
As slowly by file the spectral shades  
Of "the things we were going to do."

Ye gods! will they never cease coming?  
Out, out from that corner dim;  
The score of our failures summing—  
This army of phantoms grim?  
\* \* \* \* \*

Nay! not 'til the deeds of the future  
Have buried the ghosts of the past,  
And the sum of the years shall compute  
your  
Debt unto life at the last!  
So let us be up and be doing  
At the dawn of the century new,  
With a hopeful heart to accomplish a  
part  
Of "the things we are going to do."



“Down and Out”



### "DOWN AND OUT."

**D**OWN and out! Yes, I guess that's me!

In fact, I haven't a sou-markee;  
The "glad hand" 's wrapped in a frozen mit—

If there's "anything in it" I'm *out* of it.

I'm down on my luck from the bird's-eye view

Of those who, elated, look down on you:  
Out at the elbows and down at the heels,

Yet o'er me a breath of contentment steals.

I'm down to hard pan in this world's esteem—

The world has *views*, I've but a *dream*;  
A dream that, perhaps, when all's been said,

And done and spent and written and read,

The Key to the Scheme will at last be found—

To just turn the whole blame thing around.

It's me to the Top when it's turned about;

Now, the Bottom for mine—just "*down and out.*"

Down—at the core of the heart of things;  
And Out—of it soaring on spirit wings.

**"A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR  
WEAR."**

I WAS standing, talking, the other day,  
On a crowded corner in old Broad-  
way,  
To a chance acquaintance, of transient  
fame,  
When some one suddenly called my  
name  
With a "Hello! old man, you're looking  
fine"—  
And there was a dear old pal of mine!

Just a few words, and my friend was  
gone;  
Whirled in the maelstrom—a human  
pawn  
In the game—but the grasp of his wel-  
come hand  
Was a link in the chain back to God's  
own land.  
Then, said the chap who was standing  
there:  
"Your friend's a little the worse for  
wear."

A friend—a little the worse for wear—  
That's what he was, and his big red  
heart,  
Was worn as smooth as his threadbare  
coat  
By the pals of the past. He would  
ever part  
With—no! not a half—but his last case-  
note  
For a friend—a near friend—or any old  
bloat  
Who needed it more; and, as for Jim,  
Why, "the makin's" were always  
enough for him.

"Down and out" he looked that day,  
But Jim never *looked* any other way.  
When the other fellow *was* down and  
out  
Was the time you'd find him up and  
about.  
As for clothes—he was longer on legs  
than style,  
And broad on religious views and smile.  
In fact his smile and a whiskey-cough

Were the only things that would never  
come off.

He hid a family somewhere or other—  
At a pinch he'd draw little drafts on a  
brother;

But he never mentioned his folks to  
me—

The whole world seemed his family,  
Just all down-trodden humanity.

All you needed to prove you were next  
of kin

Was the appearance of being about all in.

In sorrow or sickness, in want or care,  
When needed damned bad, he was al-  
ways *there*—

"A friend—a little the worse for  
wear."

"A little the worse for wear"—so, Bo,  
Let us do our "bit" in this burlesque  
show

The best we can—just do it so

That when we cross the Great Divide,

Welcoming us on the other side

We may find a Friend who will not care

If we're found—a little the worse for  
wear.

## O MAN! O MAN!

O MAN! O Man! Humanity!  
What funny folk you seem to be  
When looked at from the bird's-  
view

Of one who dares look down at you:

Your "summum bonum" seems to be  
Obtaining vast velocity,  
And circulating through the park  
Cooped up within a stuffy, dark  
Plush-cushioned box, blind and unseen  
In your "ten-thousand" limousine;  
All wrapped up in a fur-lined coat  
And your fool self, you little note  
This bench-sore bum has "*got your  
goat.*"



### THOROUGH-BRED.

Miss Billyons has a brindle pup  
Who chews the costly curtains up  
And does from dainty china sup  
Till he is goodly full;  
While in an alley in the rear  
Live little starving children, dear,  
Who envy in their hearts, I fear,  
Miss Billyons' brindle bull.

Miss Billyons, though, is not to blame!  
E'en if it may appear a shame  
That little children, sickly, lame,  
Should hungry go to bed;  
For class distinctions, sad but true,  
Give preference to blood that's blue—  
Though Miss B's but a parvenue—  
The pup is *thorough-bred*.

### THE GOLDEN - HARNESSSED MULE AND THE COMMON- GARDEN ASS.

“GOLDEN harness on a mule!”  
(Phrase ripe enough to pass)  
But still the golden-harnessed  
mule  
Bests the common-garden ass.

An ass must ever be an ass;  
To bow beneath the rule  
And knuckle down before the frown  
Of the golden-harnessed mule.

The ass—the fool tool of the mule—  
Provides the mule with hay;  
The ass, alas, can go to grass—  
The mule must have his bray.

But, oh! how cruel should the mule  
Mislay that harness golden!  
As for the ass—he'll still have grass  
To Providence beholden.

## THE NAZARENE IN NINETEEN HUNDRED.

HE lived his life 'mid the crowding  
throng;  
Seeking the sunlight the glad day  
long;  
Bearing the lovelight the long night  
through;  
Doing his own will and willing to do.  
Earning and spending and giving away—  
Caring *for* others, not what others say.

His friends where the humble, the lowly,  
the sad;  
The gay and the ribald, the good and  
the bad;  
The murderer, magdalene—sinner and  
saint—  
Preacher and poacher; He feared not  
the taint  
Nor the touch of his brother—the grasp  
of whose hand  
Was the sum of existence—Omnipotent  
planned.

He asked—not a crust—but as good as  
he gave;  
He gave what he had—and he looked to  
the grave  
As the gate of the soul. He awaited  
the call  
To stand face to face with the Cause—  
Of-It-All.  
Living, he sought the immersed and ac-  
curst of them,  
And learned but to love all the best in  
the worst of them.

But he smiled a sad smile as the Pub-  
lican past  
In his gasoline go-cart—immoderately  
fast—  
With his sugar-fed "brindle" and  
panoplied wife  
And other spoilt spoils from the sur-  
plus of life.  
As adroitly he dodged the ill-fumed  
limouzine  
A soft sigh escaped the unknown Naz-  
arene:

"Thank God, I cast in my lot with the  
rest of them—  
I certainly sure get the *worst* from the  
*best* of them."

## THE QUACK.

(A Chantecler Chortle of a Chicken.)

**I**N the barnyard the poultry had long  
lived at peace;  
There were chickens and turkeys,  
ducks, guineas and geese;  
All birds of a feather and, "fether" or  
not,  
They all flocked together, well pleased  
with their lot,  
With cackling and crowing and other  
bird talk,  
Till an old drake thought he was the  
cock-of-the-walk.

Tho' his gait was ungainly he looked so  
durn wise  
They never got on to the old boy's real  
size—  
That his brains were so cramped in the  
bones of his nut  
He thought his old waddle a cock-tur-  
key strut;  
When, failing to get all the pickings him-  
self,  
The rumpus he raised played the deuce  
with his health.

For a conclave was called at the rise of  
the sun  
And a speech was demanded from each  
—every one  
Who felt, by his intellect, feathers or  
talk,  
Entitled to prene as the cock-of-the  
walk.

The old turkey gobbled, the cock loudly  
crew:  
The guinea did something—I'll leave it  
to you;  
The old gander hissed; but, alas and  
alack!  
The best the old drake did was "quack,  
quack, quack."

They called it a draw 'tween the cock  
and the turk,  
Who both were good-fellows and split  
up the work:  
The gobbler looked wise and his tail  
proudly spread,  
While the rooster awakened Old Sol  
from his bed.

The rest of the poultry soon fell into  
 line,  
 But the old drake went into a saddened  
 decline;  
 And the unkind declare, since his dis-  
 mal decease,  
 That all who had honked to his quack  
 were the geese.

The moral concealed in this tale of the  
 drake  
 Is that there's always an end to a fake.  
 But of *fakers* there's no end: so, gos-  
 lings, be shy  
 Of wise-looking birds, for on you  
 they've an eye;  
 And as you grow older this truth you  
 will note—  
 That a Quack is a Quack and a Goose  
 is "the Goat."

## WHERE IS YOUR HEART?

SAY! where is your heart?  
 That's the *Question* to-day!  
 Is it still in your chest, or has 't  
 drifted away  
 Toward the glare of the gold—the  
 mirage of wealth  
 That is gnawing the core of our Na-  
 tional health?  
 Yes, friend, face the issue at once; do  
 not mock—it  
 'S the *Question to-day*—  
 Is your heart in your pocket?

"A fair deal—a square deal";  
 But who can be square  
 With his hand on a lung if the heart  
 isn't there!  
 Dollars? Why dollars are only the  
 seeds  
 To be scattered in Life's golden gar-  
 den of deeds.  
 So leave the mad scramble for silt to the  
 rest;  
 Jab your hand in your jeans!  
 Keep *your* heart in your breast.

## THE STANDARD GREED.

We believe in one god, the Dollar Almighty, maker of heaven (?) on earth; and in squeezing twice each bright one in our hoard, which were born of the virgin gold; discovered by unconscious pirates, were crucibled, assayed and minted. They descended into the market, the third day rose again according to quotations, and getteth into the right hand of John the Standard's almighty, from whence they shall not be budged by the quick or the dead.

We believe in a holocaust of the wholly credulous people; the excommunication of "ain'ts"; the forgiveness of "ins"; the subjugation of Lawson, and the Lie everlasting. All men—?

## LET US!

**L**ET us lend and spend and give-  
away,  
And die a pauper's death some-  
day (?)

Let us slave and save and pinch each  
cent,  
And who at last will care where we  
went (?)

The rich man leaves all he was worth,  
While the poor man leaves this bloomin'  
earth—

But his personal assets—his smile and  
his song—  
As far as I know, he takes them along.

## THE ESCAPE.

TWO doctors "consulted" to find  
out the cause,  
But couldn't decide as to just  
what it was;  
Tho' 'twas certainly something, and  
something durn bad—  
And the patient was satisfied that's  
what he had.

Two lawyers argued the "pro" and the  
"con";  
Then drew up a will to still argue upon:  
"Bequeathed and devised" to divide with  
the heirs—  
And devised and designed so that they  
would get theirs.

Two men of divinity strove to expound  
The "why" and the "whither," in phrases  
profound;  
Till the poor man, bemuddled by  
righteous intent,  
Died without caring a rap where he  
went.

\* \* \* \* \*

The glad soul, released from the cares  
of the clay  
And the "learn'd professions," quick  
faded away;  
But refused to ascend by the bright,  
golden stair  
To Heaven—for it didn't know just *who*  
was there.

### "THE GOODS."

THE "goods" is only a hybrid  
word,  
Coined by thieves, and it seems  
absurd  
That it should have place in our mother-  
tongue—  
Pied into print and in poesy sung;—  
But it has! and the reason is just be-  
cause—

It's "the goods."

The bullets whistle the hot air through;  
The Flag's in front, and the mausers,  
too!  
But to hell with them! for the old Flag,  
there,  
Is leading the souls of boys who dare—  
And don't know fear from prickly heat—  
That's "the goods."

The building's burning!—the ladder's  
ice!—  
It isn't a question of "how" or "price"—  
Tho' the tongue is parched and the  
smoke chokes thick—  
The job's to be done, and done damn  
quick!—  
And it is!—that's all—but back of it all  
Is "the goods."

It's the crucial moment;—a man must  
face  
The test supreme of power and place;—  
Love or duty?—wrong or right  
He must stand in Publicity's blinding  
light  
And front his God with his jaw shut  
tight;  
That's "the goods."

Talk and type have greased the wheels  
Of the world so far;—but the knowl-  
edge steals  
Over us now that the time has come—  
The reveillé of a distant drum—  
The red roll-call of the race of men—  
"The goods," by God! "the goods."

### THE FUNERAL OF IMBER.

(Ten thousand follow bier of Zion poet.)

"User Marcus, who appeared with a contract in which he agreed to bury the poet when he should die in return for a poem, at first claimed the right to bury Mr. Imber."—*New York Times*.

O H, feverish, struggling World to-day,  
Pause but a moment on thy way!  
Pause, not alone to bow the head  
In reverence to a poet dead,  
But pause to contemplate thyself,  
Immured, immersed in strife for wealth.  
Look, for a space, to higher things,  
Give thy unfettered soul its wings  
To rise above the money-mart;  
Be, for the nonce, thyself a part  
Of the great pulsing human heart.  
In spirit join the uncovered throng  
At a poet's grave—bought with a song.



### A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

**B**OY! Don't you realize the sum  
of it all?  
The prize beyond price on this  
money-mad ball  
Is not to be won in the stock-market's  
whirl—  
But is deep in the depths of the heart  
of a girl.  
It is not found in wealth nor in man-  
sions of stone;  
But is waiting for you in a home of  
your own.

A home of your own, boy! A heart that  
is true!  
And you've got from your God all that's  
coming to you.  
Soft baby fingers around your own  
curled  
Are worth more than all the hard gold  
in the world.  
To a star hitch your wagon!—to one  
star alone  
Shining clear in God's heaven—a home  
of your own.

“The Heart  
of Humanity”

## THE HEART OF HUMANITY.

**I** SING Humanity!  
Who said "all's vanity!"  
Who that has known all the  
breadth and the length of it?  
Born in sweet motherhood, dwelt in  
dear brotherhood;  
Nourished and reared by the grace and  
the strength of it?

Laughed in the light of it, mourned  
thro' the night of it;  
Who that has lived and been one and a  
part of it?  
Fought thro' the fears of it, wept with  
the tears of it;  
Who that has loved and learned all the  
great heart of it?

\* \* \* \* \*

I sing Humanity!  
I sing the Song of it!  
First feeble child-cry; the throes of the  
dying;  
All the great hurt of it, all the dull  
pain of it,  
All the wild grief of it, all the vain  
trying.

And all the Joy of it!  
All the great Joy of it!  
I sing the song of it, swelling and flow-  
ing;  
Sweet joy of motherhood, flushed  
pride of fatherhood,  
Concord of brotherhood, all things be-  
stowing.

I sing the Child! breathing there at the  
mother-breast;  
Divine dependence; the joy of the  
giving.  
I sing the Youth! happy boyhood and  
girlhood;  
All things unheeded save joy in the  
living.

I sing the Mating; the young man and  
maiden;  
All the sweet mystery, all the un-  
folding;  
All the wild bliss of it, rapturous kiss  
of it;  
All the white heat of the man in the  
molding.

I sing the Life of it! struggle and strife  
of it;  
Toil and the sweat, the bent back and  
the Cross;  
Out of the depths, oh! the long weary  
steps of it;  
Oh! the blind gulf 'tween the gain and  
the loss.

I sing Success! all the height and the  
might of it;  
World-wide applause, and the con-  
queror's crown;  
Fame's flutt'ring flame for a life's con-  
summation;  
Power's isolation; the empty renown.

I sing the Failures! the bruised and the  
broken ones;  
Brothers and sisters gone down in  
defeat;  
Down to the gutter, the alley, the slum  
of it;  
Hear the low hum of it—Song of the  
Street.

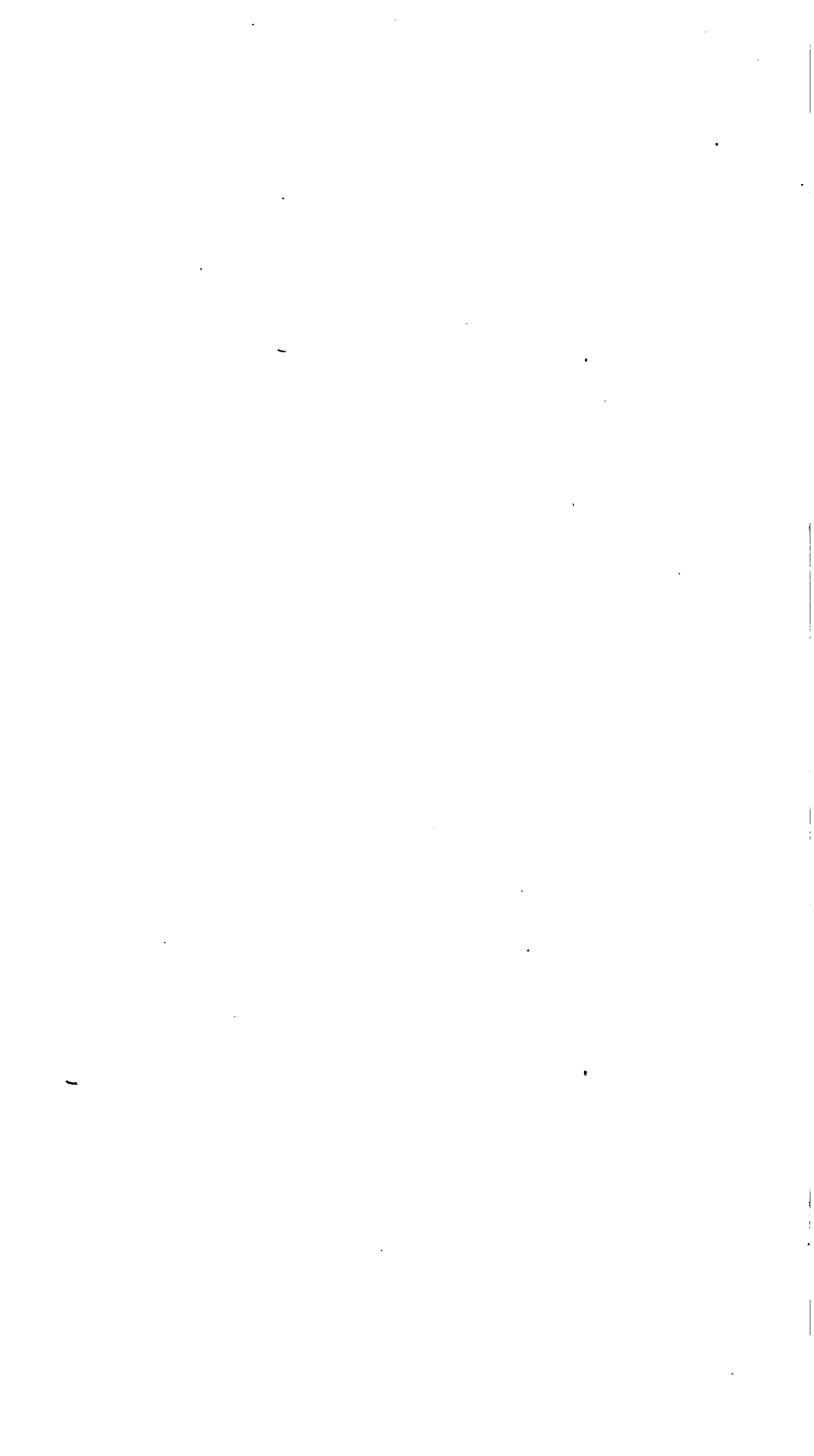
Bare in their nakedness, stript of all  
selfishness,  
Bright gleams the gold in dirt of the  
pan!  
Anguish and misery—merry in com-  
pany;  
Glad in their brotherhood; here man  
to man.

I sing the Tears of it!  
All the long Years of it!  
Sorrows and sins of it, joys and de-  
spairs;  
Bleak hills and meadows, the sunshine  
and shadows,  
Christ and the Judas; the wheat and  
the tares.

I sing Humanity!  
Song of the soul of me:  
Just to be one with it; one and a part  
of it!  
All the deep sob of it, all the tense  
throb of it;  
Oh, just to live and love! God! the  
great heart of it!

**K** NOW thyself and love thy fellow-  
men!  
Thus shalt thou live thy full  
three score and ten;  
To be well—do well—then the cool,  
sweet sod  
May yield to thee its secret of thy God.

“It is to Smile.”



## VIOLET BROWN.

**V**IOLET BROWN, of Taylorstown,  
Was an ebony belle of wide re-  
nown;

When she married a man by the name  
of Black  
(Whose mouth looked like a funny  
crack);  
An' her name was Violet Brown-Black.

But Black he died one frosty night,  
An' the next on the list was a dude  
named White—  
A hot tamale an' a shinin' light;  
Then her name was Violet Brown-  
Black-White.

Now, White fell in the creek one day,  
An' the angels bore his soul away;  
Then she married the parson, whose  
name was Gray;  
An' became Violet Brown-Black-White-  
Gray.

But Gray soon left for realms serene,  
An' the last on the list was a coon called  
Green;  
Which changed the name of this dusky  
queen  
To Violet Brown-Black-White-Gray-  
Green.

Now, sad to say, poor Green died, too,  
An' the 'riginal Violet grew blue;  
Her husbands were all laid below,  
An' she's livin' now in Yellow Row  
With fourteen kids of ev'ry kind,  
Whose names would drive you color  
blind.

There's Black kids there who are all  
brown;  
An' a lot o' little Gray kids runin' roun'  
With a lot o' little black kids who are  
White,  
An' Green kids just as black as night.

It's the funniest fam'ly ever seen,  
For all of them are slightly "green";  
Tho' off an' on they all get blue,  
The original shades are still there, too—  
They're all fast colors, every one,  
An' yet ain't warranted not to run.



Now, all these imps got fightin' like sin,  
An' the "Yellow Kid" next door joined  
in;  
An' you'd thought that you were full of  
dope  
If you'd seen that human kaleidoscope.

For the Gray beat the Green kids black  
an' blue;  
An' the White an' the Black were  
bunged up, too;  
The Yellow Kid blacked a Gray kid's  
eye;  
I laughed till I thought that I would die.

For the Yellow Kid now was a purple  
hue;  
An' to make things worse, Violet ran in,  
too.  
All their noses were runnin' red,  
An' a Gray punched a Green kid's little  
black head.

Red, green, gray, black, white, yellow,  
blue,  
All mixed in a bunch, an' I'm mixed,  
too;  
So, if you can tell what I'm writin'  
about,  
Telephone the answer for my pipe's gone  
out.

### PETE'S BABY.

(To "Pete" Eyler, on arriving in New  
York during the Hudson-Fulton  
celebration.)

PETE'S baby? Sure! a regular child!  
An' Holy Gee! the town's gone wild.  
I just got in here yesterday—  
Saw all the warships in the bay—  
The warships of the whole darn world,  
With all their bloomin' flags unfurled;  
Saw buntin' floatin' everywhere—  
A brand-new statue in Times Square—  
The Plaza all ablaze with lights—  
Bon-fires burnin' on the Heights—  
Soldiers all in brand-new suits—  
Guns a boomin' out salutes—  
Bands a playin' all aroun'—  
I thought—Gee Whiz! what's struck the  
town?  
Then Phelan put me wise—oh, joy!  
Pete's got a baby! It's a boy!

## GROWN-UP FOLKS.

**G**ROWN-UP folks, it seems to me,  
Don't know nuffin'.  
'Er's lots of fings 'at 'ey could do  
'At's lots of fun for me an' you,  
An' fings 'at 'ey are 'lowed to, too—  
But 'ey don't.  
Wisht I wuz a man;  
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks kin al'ays do  
Jes' as 'ey please;  
'Ey could sled-ride when it snows,  
Make mud pies in 'eir Sunday clothes,  
Er do mos' anyfing, I suppose—  
But 'ey don't.  
Wisht I wuz a man;  
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks don' have any  
Fun at all.  
'Ey could play at hide-an'-seek,  
Er go swimmin' in the creek,  
An' stay in, I guess, a week—  
But 'ey don't.  
Wisht I wuz a man;  
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks don' have to do  
Anyfing;  
Shoes 'ey doesn't have to wear,  
'Bout washin' 'er face don't have to care,  
An' never have to brush 'er hair—  
But 'ey do.  
Wisht I wuz a man;  
I'd show 'em!

## VICE VERSA.

**T**HE ghoulsh kissing-bug glided up  
with a shiny, crawly creep;  
And its cruel eye did my features  
spy  
As I swung in the hammock, asleep.  
  
A sinister smile lit its fiendish face  
As my cherry-red mouth it spied;  
'Twas a terrible slip when it kissed my  
lip,  
For the bug swelled up and died.

## "EVOLUTION."

(The Tale of the Tell-Tale Tail.)

O H! for a day of the good old days  
When there were no family  
jars;  
No faults to find—no tales unkind—  
To worry this world of ours;  
When nobody talked about others' af-  
fairs,  
Nor told of another's troubles;  
When tongues weren't all loose with  
their neighbors' abuse,  
And the only hot air was "bubbles";  
Oh! those were the beautiful, peaceful  
days  
Of our family's first plunge—  
When Grandpapa was an oyster  
And Grandmama was a sponge.

(With apologies to somebody.)

Or a later day, on the old world's way  
Ten million years or so,  
When we first got into the regular swim,  
And were really "on the go";  
Tho' we flirted about, floating in and out  
Of seaweed woods galore,  
Not a tale was told of an act o'er bold—  
'Twould have probably proved a bore;  
Those were as lovely and halcyon times  
As a family could wish—  
When Grandmama was an acaleph,  
And Grandpapa was a fish.

Now in those days Grandpa had a tail;  
But 'twas only a t-a-i—  
Not at all the kind of a tale to tell  
(Even as you and I);  
And if a tale of the other kind—  
Or unkind—happened out  
Not a mussel moved 'til the truth was  
proved—  
'Twas a fish-story without doubt;  
Then our family grew equestrian—  
By astronomic law—  
And Grandpapa was a sea-horse,  
And a star-fish, Grandmama.

(Another branch of our family,  
Who had never cared for the sea,  
The branch that lived in the branches  
Of our very first family-tree,  
Also carried tails, or their tails carried  
them—  
You can figure yourself if you wish—  
I more incline to my Mother's line,  
That came from the family Fish.  
The monkey side don't appeal, of course,  
In a chap's genealogy—  
When Grandpa was a gorilla  
And Grandma a chimpanzee.)

Now along in a billion years or so  
 The tail Grandfather wore  
 When he was a fish reappeared again  
 On a beautiful maid at the shore;  
 It was Grandmama's fin-ish—(joke)  
 A most enchanting tail—  
 An Ella Wheeler "Guide to Girls"—  
 That could be used as a sail;  
 It was Grandpa's "finish," too—  
 'Twas the hither end he saw—  
 The "peach" on the beach was a mer-  
 maid,  
 And a centaur, Grandpapa.

At this time talk became prevalent—  
 We're suspicious, I fear, of the dame;  
 'Twas perhaps in the air, but the fact  
 remains bare  
 That it got here just the same;  
 And with the advent of maids and talk  
 Came tales of another kind  
 Than the ones our race had lost before  
 And now again wore behind.  
 With the girls talking horse with the  
 horse-men, of course  
 All else was about the weather;  
 Still the gods thought it best to give  
 mankind a rest,  
 And eliminate ta(i)les altogether.

So the Cycles circled, or Circles cyked;  
 Tail-bearing went out of date—  
 The horse behind the man before (rear  
 of Centaur—obtuse!)  
 Disappeared—man stood elate;  
 Euterpe stole the golden scales  
 From our mesmerized mermaid  
 Mother,  
 And, hand in hand, they went inland  
 To the woodland's leafy cover;  
 Oh! those Paradise days ere the snake  
 appeared  
 And Grandpa thought he had 'em—  
 When Grandmama was Eveline  
 And Grandpapa was Adam.

But a tail once worn we can't forget—  
 Nor a tale once told recall;  
 So the ta(i)le crept in in the serpent's  
 skin,  
 About cider time in the fall;  
 And ever since then we sons of men,  
 And monkeys, and fish, and things,  
 Have suffered the flail of the Tell-Tale-  
 Tail  
 That now soars around on wings.

So give us a day of the good old days—  
 Ere Japhet, Shem and Ham—  
 When Grandpapa was an oyster  
 And Grandmama was a clam.

## SILAS SIMKINS' SLEIGH.

THE snow 'ad been a slidin' down  
From early dawn till night;  
The earth was softly sleepin'  
'Neath a downy quilt of white;  
An' as you couldn't tell how long  
That snow was goin' to stay,  
I 'lowed 'at I'd take Mandy out  
In Silas Simkins' sleigh.

Now Silas Simkins had a sleigh  
'At he had bought in town,  
'At put into the shadder  
All the sleds fer miles aroun';  
A regular swell cutter—  
An' he'd promised, don't you see,  
'At when the first snow got here  
He 'ud lend the thing to me.

I rode down to Silas's,  
'An Silas he said, "Yes"—  
So out she come, an' in the shafts  
I harnessed up old Bess;  
Then drove over an' asked Mandy  
If she'd like to take a ride;  
An' soon was slidin' 'cross the snow  
With Mandy at my side.

You see there was a little thing  
I'd tried for many a day  
To get nerve to tell to Mandy;  
An' I thought that in a sleigh  
I could kind o' get my courage up  
To offer the suggestion  
'At we ride together on thro' life—  
In fact, to pop the question.

We drove for hours an' hours  
Into regions most remote,  
Me tryin' jes' to swallow down  
The lump within my throat;  
An' when it seemed we'd covered  
'Bout a thousand miles o' ground,  
Why, Mandy said as how she guessed  
We'd better turn around.

I don't know how it happened,  
But in some peculiar way  
My arm got sort o' stretched along  
The back o' that there sleigh,  
And Mandy said she 'lowed the wind  
Was gettin' kind o' colder;  
Then my arm it slipped 'round Mandy  
and—  
Her head was on my shoulder.

There was nothin' there but silence  
 After that between oursel'es,  
 An' my thoughts jes' seemed to mingle  
 With the jingle o' the bells.  
 I got to sort o' dreamin' of  
 A lot o' things when—*douse*—  
 We was both dumped in a snowdrift  
 'Bout two miles apast the house.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Well, durn it! then my pipe went out—  
 But, down the stairs there comes  
 The sweet strains of a lullaby,  
 'At Mandy softly hums  
 To a bloomin' bunch o' baby  
 'At arrived the other day—  
 A kind o' "in memoriam"  
 O' Silas Simkins' sleigh.

### CRISS-CROSS.

**T**HE football team I sing about  
 Once learned a foxy trick.  
 They practiced it until they thought  
 That they could do it "slick."  
 But when they came to try it on  
 It nearly queered the game;  
 And everybody seemed to think  
 The right half was to blame.

The left half back received the ball,  
 Then ran toward the right  
 Half back, to whom he passed it,  
 And he did it out o' sight;  
 Right there the right half back was  
 wrong—  
 Just as a hole was cleft  
 He lost his interference and  
 The right half back was left.

The wrong right half back, who was  
 left,  
 Then tried to start a fight,  
 But the full back wouldn't have it,  
 For the left half back was right—  
 The left wrong right half back left the field,  
 And right back home did pull,  
 And told the folks they lost because  
 The quarter back was full.

### HAD I BUT KNOWN.

“HAD I but known.” They’re but  
four little words,  
And yet how oft we find these  
words to be  
The knell of many a grand ambition  
lost,  
The anguished cry of fallen misery;  
From the chaos of despair we hear the  
moan—  
“Had I but known! Had I but  
known!”

The happy boy, without a thought or  
care,  
His footsteps guided by a mother’s  
love,  
Of whose self-sacrifice he little knows  
Until, when she’s been called to realms  
above,  
He murmurs, as he treads life’s way  
alone—  
“Had I but known! Had I but  
known!”

And hoary age, with faltering step, and  
head  
Bent low beneath the cruel hand of  
time—  
He’s made a failure of a human life  
His God created to be made sublime;  
Tottering to the grave we hear him  
groan—  
“Had I but known! Had I but  
known!”

### L’ENVOI.

For the twenty-second time this has  
come back,  
Hereafter I’ll let editors alone;  
I might have saved two dollars’ worth  
of stamps—  
Had I but known! Had I but known!

## WILLIAMS.

WILLIAM is a name that's given  
Boy babies far and near,  
When screaming at the christening,  
They're held by mothers dear;  
But you will find in after life,  
If Williams you should scan,  
The name abbreviated and  
The mirror of the man.

Perhaps you'll find a "William,"  
Quiet, dignified, sedate,  
Who'll look at you in a calm, sweet way,  
And your errors demonstrate.  
He treads unharmed life's primrose  
path,  
Nor looks for pleasures till  
He reaches heaven, and you'll find  
He's usually called—"Will."

But here's another "William,"  
Who takes life as a joke;  
He's not too bad and not too good,  
And 'most generally always broke.  
Light-hearted, careless, happy,  
Whether paths are smooth or hilly,  
And as thro' life he floats along  
The whole world calls him—"Billy."

And here we have a "William;"  
A sturdy man and true,  
With a ready hand to help a friend  
And a ready will to do;  
Rough-handed but warm-hearted;  
A man whose voice would still  
The passions of a frenzied mob,  
And his comrades call him—"Bill."

Last, also least, of "Williams"  
Is the chap with the silken lid,  
Whose legs look like the running gears  
Of the talkative katydid,  
With collar high and red necktie,  
He walks and talks like a "gilly."  
With a lemon pie I could soak the guy  
Who goes by the name of—"Willie."



## THE BOHEMIAN'S PLAINT.

"IF I should die to-night,"  
And in my clothes  
Should be the goodly sum of  
Thirty cents,  
Left lying there  
Unspent,  
In sweet repose.  
I say!  
If I should die to-night  
And leave  
Behind me in these cold,  
Prosaic pants  
The price  
Of six large beers  
On draught,  
Unquaff  
By me and destined  
To remain  
Forever on the outside of  
My frame.  
If I should die,  
And from the great beyond  
Look back and see  
That thirty cents ta'en  
And spent foolishly  
For bread,  
Or clothes,  
Or some such empty thing;  
And those six beers—  
Long destined to be bought  
By me—  
Now spilled  
Down other throats,  
Their destiny  
Unfilled.  
I say!  
If I should die to-night  
And go  
From Here to There  
(Or where  
It doesn't snow)—  
And, looking back from there  
To here,  
Behold  
Those six large beers,  
So large, and oh!—  
So cold,  
Go coursing down the throats  
Of other  
Men—  
'Twould be so sad,  
For I would need them—  
*Then.*

## HUCKLEBERRY PIE.

SINCE we struck oil in Squabtown  
We've been about a few,  
An' livin' kind o' high, but I  
'Ll say right here to you  
'At these new-fangled dishes 'at  
The swell 'otels ez got  
Somehow don't seem to me to jes'  
Exactly hit the spot.

Now, this yere bill o' fare's, I guess,  
Considered purty fine—  
With cave-e-air an' pom-de-tare  
An' fancy kinds o' wine—  
But 'long about this time o' year,  
Ye know, I kind o' sigh  
Fer jes' a good old-fashioned slab  
O' huckleberry pie.

Ye don't keer much about it?  
Well, I guess you never ate  
The kind o' pie 'at mother made  
Before we left the state  
O' comfortable poverty  
Fer all this bloomin' wealth,  
An' started to get come-il-faut  
An' undermine our health.

It didn't come in little strips—  
But great, big, juicy slices—  
An' many of 'em as ye pleased,  
With no regard to prices.  
It come about two inches thick—  
An' crust—gee whiz! but my  
Mouth's waterin' fer a piece o' mother's  
Huckleberry pie.

Jes' like the clover use' to smell's  
The way it use' to taste—  
Seems as I kin feel it now  
A-meltin' in my face—  
Talk about yer flyin' wedges!  
Fill me up an' let me die  
Jes' full o' big, black, juicy chunks  
O' huckleberry pie.

## SINCE BABY CAME.

**S**INCE *baby came*, all cuddled in a  
heap  
Of swaddling clothes, and I took  
my first peep,  
The flowers have taken on a brighter  
hue;  
The sky, somehow, has been a bluer  
blue;  
And birds a chant triumphant seem to  
keep.

From out the bottom of my heart, so  
deep,  
Tumultuous joy doth ever upward leap  
Each time I hear a softly murmured  
"Goo"—  
*Since baby came.*

But, tho' a papa's pleasures I now reap,  
And bachelors' empty pleasures make  
me weep,  
There's just one thing I will admit to  
you—  
(Remember that it's strictly "entre-  
nous")—  
I've only had about two hours' sleep—  
*Since baby came.*

## LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!

"**M**Y house is my castle," I used to  
sing,  
And there I royally reigned  
In supreme command of everything,  
A regular regal kind of king—  
Unbridled and unrestrained.

My castle and kingdom are lost to me—  
My crown's on another's head;  
And I, perforce, must bend the knee  
In servitude to the "powers that be,"  
To the Tyrant who rules instead.

Sans crown, sans scepter, I softly sing,  
And naught can my peace annoy;  
Though I don't amount to "any old  
thing,"  
I, smiling, salaam to His Nobs, the  
King—  
A twelve-pound baby boy.

## SONG OF THE SURGICAL WARD

(By a Victim.)

**T**O the clinic room they run you on  
a stretcher,  
Then they lay you on a lovely  
marble slab;  
They waft you to the dopey land of no-  
where,  
And your manly form begin to cut  
and jab.

They carve your lovely carcass with a  
scalpel,  
They slit you down the spinal with a  
lance,  
While they softly sing this merry little  
chorus,  
The pleasure of the nurses to en-  
hance:

"Oh, Blood! Blood! Blood!  
Red and juicy and raw;  
Blood! Blood! Blood!  
As we carve and slash and saw.  
For you're only a bloomin' patient,  
And your name is simply Mud;  
Oh! it's ho! for the life  
Of the scalpel and knife  
And Blood! Blood! Blood!"

## WEARY WILLIE.

**I**N the morning I hate to get up  
And get all dressed, for then  
I have to eat my meals an' just  
Go back to bed again.

## IN THE PARK.

**S**TANDING here amid the beauties  
Spread by Nature's bounteous  
hand,  
Under the blue arch of heaven,  
I can feel my soul expand;  
Though in rags, I'm yet a monarch—  
Monarch of all I survey—  
Summer, robed in verdant raiment,  
Doth her annual homage pay.  
Here I'm brought to earth, alas,  
By—"Come, move on! Git off de  
grass!"

**"OUT BEHIND THE MOON."**

(To the Boys of Indiana, Pa.)

**S**INCE poets have long of Arcady  
sung,  
Where blossoms the asphodel,  
And have let their Pegasus wander free  
Thro' Elysian field and dell;  
Why shouldn't I, an embryo bard,  
Warble in ecstasy here  
Of the nearest place to Eden  
I've found on this bleak old sphere;  
A sylvan spot where care's forgot  
And laughter and life are atune,  
Where sorrow is drowned in the clink  
passed round—  
*Out behind the moon.*

Deep in the depths of a mighty wood,  
By the banks of a rippling stream,  
In the heart of God's own country  
Where the world seems a turbulent  
dream;  
Gathered 'round the fountain of life,  
Draining from joy the dregs,  
Satyrs in their shirt sleeves sit,  
Drinking dew drops from beer kegs;  
Where the frog sings low his "Kunk-  
Chlunk"  
And the tree toads softly croon,  
Where the booze-tree grows by the  
brier rose—  
*Out behind the moon.*

## AN "O" ODE.

(At Night.)

**I**T'S O for the wine  
While it sparkles—  
It's O for a "bot"  
And a bird—  
It's O for a hack  
Or a hansom—  
For "laughter and song"  
Is the word.

**(The Next Morning.)**

It's owe for the wine  
That's a mem'ry—  
It's owe for the bird  
And the "bot";  
It's owe for the carriage  
And owe for it all—  
And, oh! what a head  
We have got.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

"'TIS hard to be poor," sighed the  
artist,  
"Ah! 'tis hard to be poor,"  
sighed he.  
That's all right," said his sketch pad,  
"If you're busted, old man, *draw* on  
me."

### A GOSSIP'S EPITAPH.

SHE talked of her neighbors,  
She talked of her friends,  
She talked of their "doings";  
Predicted their ends.

And, since she has died,  
I'm perplexed, I avow,  
As to just who in Hades  
She talks about now.

### THE MILKY WAY.

"HEY diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the  
moon"—  
Is an ancient rhyme  
Of ye olden time  
With our nursery days atune.

But explain, if you can,  
To an ignorant man,  
And answer a question, pray,  
That's got me humped—  
When that old cow jumped  
Did she jump in the *milky-way*?

## AN ICE ODE.

(By the Bibbler.)

"THERE'S many a slip  
    'Twixt the cup and the lip"  
    We find as thro' life we roam;  
    But there's many more "slips,"  
    Slides, falls and trips  
    'Twixt the cup and our bed at home.

## THE LOST CHORD.

THE house seems lonely and empty,  
    Seems ever so strangely still;  
    In our hearts there's a void that  
        is aching—  
    A void that no voice can fill.

The whispered word that is spoken  
    Seems only the ghost of a sound  
For which we are each of us yearning,  
    With only the silence around.

From our lives all the music's departed,  
    All harmony's gone since the day  
The installment collector called on us  
    *And took the piano away.*

## PERPLEXING.

WHEN the little bill collector  
    Chaseth up his little bill,  
    If I only happen to be out  
    I'm in my money still.

But if I happen to be in  
    When he appears about,  
I have to loosen up and pay  
    The money—so I'm out.

And so my trolley's twisted,  
    For you see, beyond a doubt,  
If I happen to be out—I'm in,  
    And if I'm in—I'm out.

## "PORK AND —"

YER can't gi' me no con about yer  
layouts 'alley cart,"

Fer when it comes to feedin', why  
de grub dat plays de part

Wid me is plain old "pork and beans,"  
a-comin' quick an' hot—

I tell ye, cull, dat certainly's de stuff  
dat hits de spot.

Jes' drift into a hash-house where dey  
don't tro' on no lugs—

Der ain't nobody barred at all but busted  
bums an' bugs;

Get up on a stool an' tell de gent dat  
runs de place

"If he'll chase along some pork an'  
beans ye think ye'll feed yer face."

Den he'll holler in de lingo dat de cook  
'll understand

Yer order trou' de wall-hole—an' it's  
jes—"pork and—"

Dey bring it to you all piled up, a regu-  
lar dopey dome,

An' ye smear it all wid ketchup 'at 'ud  
make ye leave yer home.

Ye can eat it any way ye want—de best  
way's wid a knife,

So's ye kin chuck it quicker; an' say,  
cull, on yer life,

I ain't jes' a-chinnin'; an' if ye need a  
meal,

Why, stick to pork an' beans an' get a  
pat hand every deal.

An' if ye find ye're broke an' got a  
loidy on yer staff,

Jes' fill her up on beans—why, cull, ye  
certainly 'ud laugh

To hear me Lizzy whisper—"Say, mebbe  
dis ain't grand!"—

When de guy dat pushes pies jes' hollers  
out—"pork and—"



### HIS FINISH.

**H**E was a fiery Frenchman,  
With an awful thirst for gore;  
Of those horrible French duels  
He had fought at least a score;  
He had started revolutions  
'Til he found the sport grew tame;  
But he fainted dead away the day  
He saw a football game.

### A RONDEAU.

**J**ES' lyin' here, with nothin' else to do  
But watch the clouds a-slidin'  
'cross the blue,  
Soft sky o' summer; what's the use o'  
June,  
When everything in nature seems  
atune?  
'Cept to lie here an' day-dream fancies  
woo.

'Crost the meadows comes the dove's  
soft coo,  
The sweet scent o' the clover's driftin'  
through  
The daisies, as I doze from morn 'til  
noon,  
Jes' lyin' here.

As summer poetry that, I hope, will do;  
It's zero weather and the snow drifts  
through  
My attic window; but it's none too  
soon  
On magazines to spring your poems  
of June.  
So for the shekels I am (sad but true)  
Jes' lyin' here.

## HOW'RE THEY COMIN' WITH YOU?

I STARTED 'round, the other day,  
To satisfy myself  
How fast the general public  
Was accumulating wealth;  
Each individual I met  
I interviewed, you see,  
So now I'll try and tell to you  
What some of them told to me.

A shoemaker said he was "pegging  
away,"

A lawyer was "lying low,"

A doctor was making his money

"Dead easy"—he told me so.

A butcher managed to "make ends  
meat,"

The iceman had "struck a frost."

A plumber I met was "hitting the  
pipe"—

Poor fellow, I guess he's lost.

A pickpocket was "taking things easy";

A baker was "loafing all day";

A grocer told me in confidence,

"Things were going his weigh."

A dentist was "living from hand to  
mouth,"

And here, just to make a rhyme,

I'll have to *ring* in the jeweler,

Who was working "over time."

A burglar said "things were picking up,"

But he had to work at night;

Even a poor blind beggar man

Was "doing out of sight."

An ossified man was having

An awful "hard time," he said,

While an undertaker admitted

He was "doing well—on the dead."

A prima donna, who warbles,

Said "life went by like a song";

But a little soubrette I casually met

Was "barely getting along."

An oil producer told me

He "managed to get a long well,"

While a Hebrew merchant mentioned

He had "clothing to burn or sell."

I asked a spiritualist how things were;  
"Just medium," she replied.  
A barber said he was "scraping along,"  
And then curled up and died.  
A furrier "ran a skin game,"  
A jockey was "on the go,"  
But it turned my head when a dress-  
maker said  
She was doing "sew and sew."

Now, pardon me if in conclusion  
Of myself I modestly speak—  
All I'm doing is digging out stuff like  
this  
For sixty cents a week.

### IN THE SPRING.

**I**N the Spring was when I met her;  
Witching maid! I'll ne'er forget her,  
As she merrily tripped by me, with a  
milk pail  
On her arm.

She was dainty as the dew, sir,  
As she said: "I don't know you, sir!"  
When I chanced a friendly greeting, and  
I really  
Meant no harm.

When I put my arm around her  
In the spring-house, where I found her  
Dipping water in a pitcher—'Twas a  
most  
Distressing thing!

For the maid demurely slipped me  
By, and dexterously tripped me;  
And then, laughingly, she left me—  
laughing, left me—  
*In the spring.*

### RETROSPECTION.

**I** REMEMBER, I remember,  
De house where I wuz born;  
Where, on de quiet, my father  
Distilled moonshine from de corn.  
I wuz in childish ignorance,  
And now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven  
Dan when I wuz a boy.

### BUT I'M NOT.

**I**F I were a poet with burning thoughts  
To spring on the public in gilt-bound  
lots,  
I'd warble a strain whose strident tones  
Would ring from the Torrid to Frigid  
zones;  
Kipling would look like last year's snow  
And Markham resemble the man with  
the hoe.  
I'd only write when the spirit steals  
O'er me, and not for the price of my  
meals—  
Oh! the world would be an Arcadian  
spot  
If I were a poet, you know—  
But I'm not.

If I were a Croesus with bonds and  
stocks  
And country places and brown-stone  
blocks,  
I'd drive fast horses and own a yacht  
And give away organs and gawd knows  
what;  
I'd smoke cigars at a dollar per  
And hire a valet to call me "Sir";  
I'd drink champagne with every meal  
And rumble around in an automobile—  
Oh! I'd be a sport who was right on the  
dot  
If I were a Croesus, you know—  
But I'm not.

If I were married—ah! blissful dream,  
With what a host of delights you teem:  
In a cheap little home with a dear lit-  
tle wife  
I'd merrily drift down the stream of  
life!  
'Round papa the children would glee-  
fully play  
When I'd get home, after working all  
day  
At a job I realized would never be  
done—  
Grubbing for five mouths instead of  
for one.  
Mine all the joys of true love in a cot  
If I were married, you know—  
But I'm not.

If I were anything, you can see  
 What a marked improvement the change  
     would be;  
 If I were a doctor—even a horse—  
 I'd get my meals as a matter of course;  
 If I were the ice man or just a Judge,  
 Or a ladies' tailor, perhaps—oh, fudge!  
 Or only a plain bank president,  
 'Twould remove my worry about the  
     rent—  
 Yes, 'twould be a most excellent change,  
     I wot,  
 If I were any old thing—

But I'm not.

If I were worrying, you perceive,  
 My life would be a continual grieve;  
 But too many troubles I've already got  
 To worry about the things I am not,  
 For worry you'll find a most excellent  
     salve  
 If you've not what you want is to want  
     what you have;  
 You're lucky or you would have long  
     ago died—  
 If you would be happy be just *satisfied*—  
 For mine would indeed be a horrible lot  
 If I were worrying—See?

But I'm not.

### 'S LOVE.

LOVE? Ye got me guessin' now—  
 Can't explain the "why" nor  
     "how"—

Kind o' puzzlin', I allow,

's love.

Figure out a lot o' truck  
 'Bout a fortune—fortune's luck—  
 Find you're kind o' daffy struck—

's love.

Git your ideas o' the girl  
 'S to be your priceless pearl—  
 Find your bloomin' head's a-whirl—

's love.

Jes' a girl—don't matter who,  
 Jes' so she's the girl for you—  
 All your figurin' is through—

's love.

Jes' a girl and jes' a way  
 'At she's got, an' it's all day  
 With everything—you'll only say—

"'s love."

Love? Well, now, I can't jes' size it  
 Up—don't worry, you'll get wise, it  
 Won't git by—you'll recognize it—

's love

## IF.

O H, wouldn't the world be a jolly  
old place  
If nobody needed food—  
If nobody had any use for clothes.  
Yet nobody ever was nude?

If nobody ever had to get up  
At the dawn of the morning light—  
If nobody ever went to bed  
Because nobody slept at night?

If nobody ever had worries or cares  
And nobody ever was sad—  
If nobody ever was too dashed good  
And nobody ever was bad?

If nobody talked about others' affairs.  
Because nobody cared a curse—  
If nobody ever got sick again  
And nobody ever got worse?

If nobody knew the way to read  
And nobody *tried* to write—  
If nobody ever drank water,  
Yet nobody ever got tight?

If nobody needed money  
Nor had to work and sigh—  
If we all had nothing to do but live  
And nobody had to die?

## MARY'S LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,  
He was her little beau,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb put up the dough.

He followed up a little tip,  
To Wall Street he did roam;  
'Twas there they fleeced this little  
lamb—  
Now Mary stays at home.

## WILLIE'S RUBAIYAT.

I DON'T know what the trouble is,  
I often tried to guess;  
Somehow I never seem to 'zackly  
Fit in with the rest.  
There's al'ays one left over,  
An' I could never see  
How it happens 'at the one's  
Most generally al'ays me.

When company'd come to supper,  
W'y, 'en Ma 'ud kind o' sigh  
An' say, "Now, Willie, dear, you  
Never did care much for pie,  
An', as it won't go all way 'round,  
Eat lots o' bread and jam,  
Nen, when it comes your turn for pie,  
Jes' say, "No, thank you, ma'am."

An' nen at school it al'ays seemed  
'At trouble came my way;  
The teacher he 'ud jump on me  
For nuthin' every day;  
An' he'd get mad an' call me dunce  
An' a blockheaded fool,  
Nen usually he'd keep me in  
An' lick me after school.

Nen one afternoon he said  
He knew I understood  
As' how he couldn't whip the girls,  
Tho' it 'ud do 'em good;  
'At they made him so ravin' mad  
'At he 'ud have a fit  
'Less he worked it off on some one,  
An'—I was used to it.

An' when Thanksgivin' comes around,  
An' all our kith an' kin  
Have a family reunion an'  
Stuff pie an' turkey in  
'Emselfs until they almos' bust,  
There's room fer all but one;  
'En father, he says, "William won't  
Mind waitin' 'til we're done."

I guess if I 'ud die an' go  
To heaven right away,  
St. Peter 'd peep out thro' the gate  
An' see it's me, 'en say—  
"I'm awful sorry, Willie, we're  
So crowded, but I know  
You won't mind waitin' round outside  
Fer a thousand years or so."

I guess 'at I 'uz born too soon  
 Or else not soon enough,  
 Fer somehow I don't seem to fit,  
 An' you can bet it's tough;  
 So I'm goin' to join a circus  
 Or be a soldier an' get hit,  
 Fer I'm tired o' playin' in a game  
 An' al'ays bein' "it."

### "LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE"

**A** BUNCH of islands in an ocean  
 grew—  
 Listen to our tale of woe;  
 A bunch of islands of yellow hue,  
 Owned by Spain and over-due  
 They grew,  
 'Tis true—  
 Listen to our tale of woe.

As Dewey was sailing the ocean  
 through—  
 Listen to our tale of woe;  
 He spied those islands of yellow hue,  
 For Uncle Sam he grabbed a few,  
 The few  
 In view—  
 Listen to our tale of woe.

Now, Uncle Sam to the game was new—  
 Listen to our tale of woe;  
 He bit off the bunch and swallowed the  
 chew  
 And then the trouble began to brew—  
 Too true!  
 Boo hoo!  
 Listen to our tale of woe.

'Tis a trouble you doctors can't subdue—  
 Listen to our tale of woe—  
 So, Uncle, let us prescribe for you;  
 Take an emetic and you'll pull through—  
 That's true!  
 So do!  
 Listen to our tale of woe.

### THE BLUFF.

**T**HE boy stood on a little pair—  
 Stood pat. When all had fled  
 He pocketed the pot and quit—  
 Just twenty plunks ahead.



## THE MARRIED MAN'S OPINION.

**W**HEN it comes to female furnishing—frocks—furbelows and such—

You'll find no one upon this transient orb knows half as much

As to what looks best and prettiest upon a woman than

The poor, down-trodden, over-ridden, sat-on married man.

He doesn't care for "gew-gaws"—  
"they're so vulgar, don't you know"—

"Look just like a Christmas tree," or  
"you're a holy show"—

He certainly is strenuous about the quiet and chaste—

As for diamonds? You know diamonds show excruciating taste.

And when it comes to gowns? He knows what looks the best—

The worst—the worst, of course, is  
"looking over-dressed"—

To one old worn-out, passed-around, worm-eaten gag he clings—

"You know, dear, you look sweetest in those simple little things."

And hats? Well, that's so easy it's a shame to ring it in—

"The profit made by milliners is certainly a sin"—

No "Parisian creations" ever worn by dames of wealth

Can be compared a minute with the ones she makes herself.

At last, to cap the climax, most sincerely he'll declare

He never notices at all what other women wear—

And he wouldn't, either, you can bet your bloomin' life—

If other women dressed the way he'd like to dress his wife.

“My Ladye Faire”



### A PICNIC POEMLET.

I HAVE dined at Del's and Sherry's  
and at many a table d'hôte—  
In French "cafes" and Chinese  
"joints" I've tantalized my  
throat—  
I have dallied with a bird petite and  
cracked a bottle cold—  
Run the gamut from martini's to the  
brie bedecked with mould;  
But the daintiest repast I've ever stowed  
away within  
Were some large and luscious olives  
off a

Long  
Hat  
Pin.

Gather round, ye sated gourmands, with  
the jaded appetites—  
I'll disclose to you the cream of gastro-  
nomical delights;  
Try it and you'll all declare it simply is  
immense,  
And your wildest epicurean dreams will  
look like "thirty cents";  
Just get a dainty maiden, with a dimple  
in her chin,  
To sit and feed you olives off a

Long  
Hat  
Pin.

Perhaps you don't like olives?—I don't  
either,—never mind,  
Just try my little process and I'll guar-  
antee you'll find  
A sweet, salubrious feeling to your  
thought-dome swiftly mounts,  
And the girl that does the feeding is the  
only thing that counts;  
Oh! that I might drift to Dreamland  
from this sordid world of sin  
While "my baby" feeds me olives off a

Long  
Hat  
Pin.

## THE WORLD AND A WOMAN.

**H**OW alike are the world and a  
woman—

If a man but comprehends—  
The poles of the world are in mystery  
furled,  
And so are a woman's ends.

The world thro' the universe circles  
In its flight on its orbit true—  
A woman calls 'round in her "circle,"  
And is more or less *flighty*, too.

A man gives his all for a woman,  
And her lip 's in derision curled—  
The world gives but shabby treatment  
When a man gives up all for the  
world.

But a man who laughs at its trials  
Will never have lived in vain—  
And a woman will shower her favors  
Where treated with most disdain.

The world is a cruel master,  
While a woman's a tyrant, too—  
Yet both are supreme in their beauty  
When the skies and the eyes are blue.

The world awakes in its glory  
When the sun thro' the gloom ap-  
pears—  
A woman's sublime in her sorrow  
Who can smile on the world thro'  
tears.

Yes, to me the world and a woman  
Will ever synonymous be—  
For my world's in the eyes of a woman,  
And a woman's the world to me.

## A WISH.

**O**H! for a tiny barque  
Upon an ocean blue;  
This cold, prosaic world behind—  
Alone, sweetheart, with you  
Upon a sea of happiness—  
Without a thought but love,  
The waters grand on either hand,  
The star-strewn sky above;  
With Cupid for our helmsman  
We'd sail away together,  
You and I, and Love, fond heart,  
Forever and forever.

### A TOAST.

**H**ERE'S to the girl with midnight  
    eyes  
    And hair of raven hue!  
To the girl with the quivering lash and  
    lips  
    And eyes of deep, deep blue!

Here's to the girl divinely fair;  
    To the girl so queenly tall!  
Here's to the girl with Titian hair—  
    But here's to the dearest of all—

To the girl of girls! the girl who shines  
    O'er my soul like the sun above;  
Come, drink with me all—  
The best girl in the world!  
    The girl that loves me—that I love!

### TILLY'S HAIR.

**T**ILLY'S hair bewilders me  
    With its tints of gleaming gold  
    Banked up in a glorious mass—  
    Back and front and fold on fold.

Just why it bewilders me  
    I don't suppose you really care;  
But how much of it's "rats" and things,  
    And how much of it's—*Tilly's hair?*

### AND HE DIDN'T.

**S**HY and blushing maiden,  
    Sprig of mistletoe.  
    He caught her right beneath it;  
    'Course she didn't know.  
But when he went to kiss her  
    She angrily cried, "Don't!  
Stop, sir!"—and he acquiesced  
    And promptly said, "I won't."

### SILENCE GIVES CONSENT.

**H**E asked her what she'd do  
    If he stole a kiss,  
    *Sub rosa.*  
She answered not—so he purloined  
A bunch of them—  
    *Sub nosa.*

## A MEMORY I REMEMBER.

TOGETHER we sat on the seat  
    where we sat  
    As we sat on the winding stair;  
And lovingly held in our hands the  
    hands  
    Our hands were holding there.  
While I looked in her eyes with a look  
    that looked  
    In the look she looked in mine,  
And the feeling we felt was a feeling  
    you've felt,  
    And perhaps divine was divine.

A silent stillness silently stole  
    O'er our soulfully silent souls;  
And her slim waist there on the wind-  
    ing stairs  
    My winding arm enfolds.  
She breathed her breath in a breathless  
    breathe,  
    And sighed a sigh on the side,  
While o'er my being glidingly glided  
    A most beatific glide.

She snuggled up to me snuggler  
    Than she'd ever snuggled before;  
And a wonderful wonder wandered  
    My wandering senses o'er—  
To think that I, myself—that's me—  
    Ego, We Us and Co.,  
Had won the one love of this lovely girl,  
    Who lovingly loved me so.

And sitting there on the seat where we  
    sat  
    We might have been sitting yet,  
Yet we aren't, and the cause is just be-  
    cause  
    We were just sitting out the set.

## WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

WHEN love is dead this world  
    will be a dark and dreary  
    place—  
When love is dead we'll seldom see a  
    smile on human face—  
Sunshine then will never fall across  
    life's weary way—  
While musing thus a voice I hear and  
    some one seems to say:  
"When love is dead—ah, mortal, know,  
That what you dread will ne'er be so;  
Tho' tears are shed, yet do not sigh—  
For love, true love, can never die."

## WANTED—A WIFE.

I'M looking for a maiden,  
She must be slim, petite,  
With wee, aristocratic hands  
And dainty little feet.

A brow like alabaster—crowned  
With hair of reddish gold,  
A figure—just a trifle plump—  
About on Psyche's mold.

Her eyes must be that liquid brown  
The poets rave about—  
Her mouth a dainty rosebud  
That's ne'er been known to pout.

Her nose—a little, classic one,  
And eyebrows black as night—  
Her neck like chiseled ivory,  
Her shoulders snowy white.

She must be bright and witty and  
With every grace endowed.  
Her disposition must be sweet  
And not the least bit proud.

And then, as poets sometimes eat—  
I must insist, I fear,  
That she have—in her own name, too—  
Ten thousand plunks a year.

Now, gentle reader, if you fill  
The bill—don't hesitate  
To ship yourself at once to me—  
"Yours truly" pays the freight.

## GOLF—AS SUSIE PLAYS IT.

I DINNA ken so very much about the  
game of golf—  
And, what is more, I ken I dinna  
care;  
For the difference 'twixt a "stymie" and  
a "foozle" or a "cleek"  
Is a problem that I can't get thro' my  
hair.

Yet, 'round the links I wander in a  
dreamy sort of way,  
And each time she swings her  
"brassy" I applaud,  
For I know no joy that's keener nor  
sensation that's serener  
Than simply watching Susie soak the  
sod.



## MARJORIE MINE.

MARJORIE MINE—  
I am sitting to-night  
'Neath the summer moon's soft  
glow,  
Living again in Dreamland, love,  
An evening of long ago;  
When we sat in the deepening twilight  
And I laid my all at your shrine—  
You whispered "Yes"—a tender caress;  
Then I named you "Marjorie Mine."

Oh! the years have been long and  
weary, love,  
Since that night in the dim Faraway,  
And Time has bended me low, sweet-  
heart,  
And sprinkled my hair with gray;  
I am nearing the end of the journey  
now;  
But, through all, I have always been  
thine,  
And you, tho' you left me alone, long  
ago,  
Have always been  
"Marjorie Mine."

## FAIREST FLOWERS.

THE fairest flowers in the world!  
Dost know them, reader mine?  
Can'st tell the fairest blossoms  
That this bleak old world intwine?  
Roses, did you say? Nay! Nay!  
The pansy's knowing face?  
Beautiful chrysanthemums,  
That swing with stately grace?  
The dainty daisy, turning  
Its face toward the sun?  
Sweetly scented violets?—  
The list is but begun.  
But no! though all are passing fair,  
'Tis not of these I sing;  
Nor of arbutus—flow'rets  
That among the mosses cling;  
Nor yet the tiger lily, as  
Its Titian wealth unfurls—  
But of the fairest flowers of all—  
A bunch of *Youngstown girls*.

## LOVE.

WHAT is love? Now, that's the  
question  
Disarranges the digestion  
Of about a million mortals, more or  
less;  
They know all about astronomy,  
Political economy,  
But when they tackle Love they have to  
guess.

Now of love I've made a study,  
And I challenge anybody  
Who about it think they know a thing  
or two;  
To start their brains a twirling  
And their wisdom wheels to whirling,  
And get up and try to tell me something  
new.

Love's no everlasting joy  
Nor a naked little boy,  
Nor like anything on earth or heaven  
above—  
It's a queer, fantastic feeling  
O'er your system softly stealing,  
And you blame it on your liver—but it's  
—love.

Just because a maiden fair  
Lays her head of golden hair,  
With a gentle sigh, upon your manly  
heart,  
You suddenly grow spooney,  
Also just a trifle looney,  
And swear that from her side you'll  
never part.

Then you nestle up together,  
And you softly ask her whether  
She's "oor 'ittle 'ucky ducky," don't  
you know—  
An' you never hear her Pop  
Till on you he's got the drop,  
And out into the street you quickly go.

You are picked up in a trance,  
Taken in an ambulance,  
And in place your broken bones the doc-  
tors shove,  
With a face that's badly battered,  
And a collar bone that's shattered  
You can bet your bottom dollar that is  
love—  
You can bet your bottom dollar  
*That is Love.*

## THE TRAINED NURSE.

**J**UST a dear little womanly woman,  
With the light of a soul in her  
eyes—  
The gleam of a God-speeded sunbeam  
Shining out 'neath a brow worldly-  
wise;  
With soft hands to smooth out the  
pillow  
Of pain; with sweet face bent above  
The bed of some poor stricken fellow—  
Ministering angel of love.

She's not a tall ravishing beauty  
To be sued in the dust for a smile;  
Nor a cute dimpled bit of a plaything  
To be fondled and petted a while;  
She's just a girl—happy and human,  
Sweet, sympathetic and wise—  
Just a dear little womanly woman,  
With the light of a soul in her eyes.

## PERSISTENCE.

**J**UST a score of faded letters,  
Breathing tender words and true—  
But what memories they awaken  
As once more I read them through:  
There was Gladys, little darling,  
Dainty Sue, Louise, sedate—  
Penelope, who seemed so shy—  
Margo, Ann and lovely Kate;  
They're all married now, and I—  
Well—  
I'm looking out for Number Eight.

### BREAK, BREAK—BROKE!

“**B**REAK, break, break,  
On thy cold, gray stones, O  
sea,”  
As I sit on the beach with the lovely  
maid  
Who has promised to marry me.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Two happy weeks together—  
What a future of bliss we planned—  
Then she went home and I realized  
The “touch” of that vanished hand.

Broke, broke, broke,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea,  
And the beautiful “roll” I had when I  
came  
Will never come back to me.

### SOME ONE.

**J**UST to have some one to share it!  
Dear heart, that's the substance and  
sum  
Of all that is worth the achieving—  
All happiness now and to come.  
Just to have some one to share it,  
Whether it's gray sky or blue—  
Just to have some one to share it—  
Just to have some one—that's *you*.  
  
Just to have some one—just some one—  
Just a dear cheek close to mine—  
Just a hand warm with affection  
And the roses and rue intertwine.  
Some one to help you to bear it—  
Or share just the sunshine for two.  
Just to have some one to share it—  
*Some one—the one one—that's you.*

### LOVE'S AWAKENING.

**I** THOUGHT that Love was dead  
And laid to rest  
Upon his downy couch  
Within my breast;  
Slain by a quivering arrow  
From the bow  
Of one I thought I loved:—  
I did not know  
That Love, whom I thought dead,  
Was but asleep,  
And resting from his cares  
In slumber deep—  
Until you came and to him  
Sleeping, spoke,  
Then at your gentle bidding—  
Love awoke.

## MAY—EXPENSIVE MAY.

MAY usually meanders here  
About the first of May,  
And now's a pretty time of year  
Of May to sing a lay;  
But the May I'm thinking of  
(Tho' a much warmer member  
Than any other May I've struck)  
Didn't strike me 'til December.

May's the month of all the year  
That poets love to sing of;  
Month of all other months more dear  
To them—and quite a string of  
Poetry I could warble, too,  
For naught to me is clearer  
That, dear as May may be to them,  
Still May to me is *dearer*.

## TO A KENTUCKY BELLE.

AS the gentle breeze of summer stirs  
the leaves upon the trees,  
And they seem to murmur in  
complete content;  
As wafted zephyrs softly play upon  
aeolian strings  
'Til they harmonize in sweet abandon-  
ment—  
So from the discords of my life angelic  
music springs  
And bears my weary soul aloft upon its  
widespread wings—  
'Tis just the softest touch on my heart's  
responsive strings—  
Of a breath from the blue grass of Ken-  
tucky.

## THE MAID AND THE MAN.

“WHERE are you going, my  
pretty maid?”  
“I'm going a-berrying, sir,”  
she said.

“Where do you berry, my pretty maid?”  
“In the cemetery, you zimp,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”  
“It's none of your funeral, sir,” she said.

## TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

(With apology to James Whitcomb  
Riley.)

OH! two beautiful eyes of a sky-  
tinted blue,  
Reflecting a soul, saintly pure,  
shining through—  
Two beautiful eyes that gleam out like  
the sun,  
Dispelling the gloom when the long  
night is done—  
Have shed their soft glow o'er my heart,  
bleak and bare,  
And scattered the shadows long linger-  
ing there;  
Up out of life's discords sweet sym-  
phonies rise  
As I stand in the light of two beautiful  
eyes.

Oh! two glorious eyes, black—black as  
the night,  
As they darkly shine out 'neath a brow  
snowy white.  
Thro' languorous lids they have looked  
into mine  
And my senses are drugged in the potion  
divine;  
Drunk with their beauty, I reel, slip  
and fall,  
And in their dark depths sink my life,  
love and all,  
As, deaf to the warning that bids me  
arise,  
I swoon in the night of two glorious  
eyes.

## LOVE'S DAY.

LOVE and Laughter, hand in hand,  
Danced upon the glistening sand,  
On the shore of Life's wide sea,  
In the morning, merrily.

In the noontime, Love again  
Treads Life's shore, but now 'tis Pain  
By her side walks wearily,  
In the noontime, by the sea.

Late the evening shadows fall;  
Waiting, by the sea, the Call,  
Love, with Sorrow on her breast,  
Sits, as the sun sinks in the West.

## THAT OLD COAT SLEEVE OF MINE.

(A soliloquy on an old dress coat.)

**T**HERE it hangs, alone, discarded,  
An old dress coat of ancient cut;  
Once it proudly graced a ballroom,  
Now its mission's over; but  
That sleeve—ah! as I watch it,  
Self to fancy I resign,  
And to memories that linger  
'Round that old coat sleeve of mine.

I recall when first I wore it—  
'Twas a dinner—just a score  
Of gay old friends invited down  
To meet Miss Boggs, of Baltimore.  
I met her—took her in to dinner—  
(Violet eyes, petite, divine)  
How her fingers seemed to nestle  
In that old coat sleeve of mine.

We talked about the opera,  
The latest ball, the atmosphere;  
But her voice (I still can hear it)  
Seemed like music in my ear.  
Of that dinner I remember  
Not the cuisine or the wine;  
But the creamy silk that rustled  
'Gainst that old coat sleeve of mine.

Like the foolish moth that hovers  
'Round the candle's flickering light,  
All unconscious of its danger,  
So I lingered near that night;  
Yes, I recollect I asked her  
For a waltz—ah! 'twas divine,  
As about her dainty waist  
I put that old coat sleeve of mine.

One evening 'neath the spreading palms  
We stood—in trembling accents I  
Told her, told her that I loved her,  
That my love would never die;  
Would she be my wife? Then, in her  
Eyes I saw my answer shine;  
And a little brown head rested  
On that old coat sleeve of mine.

## AN IMPRESSION ON AN OLD COAT.

AH! old coat, your day is over;  
Spiketails, we must say "adieu."  
I must hie me to some junk shop  
On your folds to raise a few.  
For my purse is lean and empty,  
There's a dryness in my throat;  
So on Poverty's grim altar  
I must offer you—old coat.

Say, old coat, do you remember  
("Yes," you'd answer, could you  
speak)  
When against that shiny shoulder  
Rested a rose-tinted cheek?  
Ah, the mem'ry of those moments  
(Moments now somewhat remote),  
And that cheek's soft pressure make it  
Hard to part with you—old coat.

Yes, old coat, 'tis hard to sell you—  
All my efforts are in vain;  
Not an old-clothes man will take you  
With that ancient grease-paint stain.

## IN THE FALL.

IN the fall the young man's fancy sadly  
turns to thoughts of how  
He's going to keep his little social  
ball a-rolling now;  
His summer girl's a hummer and he  
wants to keep her—yet  
His winter clothes are all in hock, he's  
over ears in debt;  
Oh, the loving cup of Cupid's full of  
bitterness and gall  
For the summer man who loves his  
summer sweetheart in the fall.

In the fall ice cream and soda will, alas,  
no longer do;  
It's up to ale and oysters, and perhaps a  
Lobster, too.  
There's theaters and concerts and co-  
tillions by the score,  
With football games and candy and  
chrysanthemums galore;  
But, there's still some satisfaction in  
rememb'ring thro' it all  
That Mother Eve put Adam up against  
it in *The Fall*.



## LOVE'S INVENTORY.

SOME people for the "lucre" love  
And seek to find a wife  
Who possesses the "mazuma"  
To support them all their life;  
But 'tis not for the glittering gold,  
Nor for her worldly wealth  
I love my love—for all I love  
My love for is—herself.

Yet, when of the situation  
I an inventory take,  
I can't deny the fact that I  
Have captured quite a stake;  
And, if you'll bear in mind what I've  
Asserted just above,  
I'll confess some of the reasons why  
I love my love.

I love her for the diamonds—  
That sparkle in her eyes  
And make their slightest glance appear  
A ray from Paradise;  
I love her for her ivory—brow,  
And shoulders snowy white,  
And for her silver—voice that echoes  
In my ears to-night.

I love her for her pearls—the teeth  
That brightly gleam at you,  
And for the ruby—lips that, laughing,  
Put the pearls on view;  
I love her for her gold—en hair,  
Her wealth—of sun-kissed curls;  
But I love her most because she's worth  
A million—other girls.

## THE WINNER.

PLAYING cards with Charlotte,  
'Neath the lamp's soft glow—  
Thought that I would teach her  
All she didn't know.  
She was a beginner,  
I a veteran old;  
She declared she'd beat me—  
Most absurdly bold.

Hands I held were good ones,  
Hers were very poor—  
That I'd beat her badly,  
Felt serenely sure.  
Alas, I was mistaken—  
When the game was done,  
Somehow we held each other's hands  
And—Charlotte won.

## OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN.

AHO! for our castles in Spain,  
Sweetheart,  
Aho! for our castles in Spain—  
Tho' the days be dark and the nights  
be long,  
And troubles troop by in an endless  
throng,  
There is happiness still if you'll harken  
my song—  
Aho! for our castles in Spain.

Aho! for our castles in Spain,  
Sweetheart,  
Aho! for our castles in Spain.  
The world is a wearisome round of  
strife  
Where sorrow is surging and sin is rife,  
So let's sail to the sunshine of love and  
life—  
Aho! for our castles in Spain.

Aho! for our castles in Spain,  
Sweetheart,  
Aho! for our castles in Spain.  
I love you, darling, but never a gleam  
Of hope I see of a joy supreme,  
So away I'll sail on the wings of a  
dream—  
Away to my castle in Spain.

Away to my castle in Spain,  
Sweetheart,  
Away to my castle in Spain,  
For there in my kingdom my soul's  
serene,  
The skies are blue and the fields are  
green;  
I'm lord of it all, love, and you are my  
queen—  
Away in my castle in Spain.

## ONLY A KISS.

**T**OGETHER they stand in the doorway,

Bidding each other goodby—  
Lingering there in the gloaming,  
The youth and the maiden shy.  
His arm her fair form encircles,  
Slightly upturned is her face,  
And he does precisely the same thing  
You would have done in his place.

Only a kiss in the twilight,  
Only a tender caress—  
Only one moment of rapture  
As he folds her close to his breast;  
But on his heart is engraven  
That scene in figures of light—  
To the end of his days he'll remember  
The kiss he gave her that night.

Light on the stair falls a footstep,  
Unheeded by youth or by maid;  
And thro' the gloaming an optic  
Upon the two lovers is laid—  
They, never thinking that papa  
Was getting dead on to all this  
Were happy, so happy together  
As he on her lips pressed a kiss.

Only a kiss in the twilight,  
Only a tender caress—  
Only one moment of rapture;  
What happened then you can guess.  
On the seat of his pants is imprinted  
The spot where that "Trilby" did  
light—  
To the end of his life he'll remember  
The kiss he gave her that night.

## KISSES.

**I** WIS that a kiss is  
The acme of blisses;  
And the Miss who dismisses  
As "horrid" all kisses  
Most truly remiss is—  
The reason just this is—  
There are kisses and—*kisses*.

## AT DUQUESNE GARDEN.

AS I fasten Phyrne's skate  
Phyrne sits serene, sedate;  
While I kneel with lowly mien  
Like a slave before a queen.

Past us speeds the merry throng—  
Yet I linger over long;  
But who would not hesitate,  
As they fasten Phyrne's skate?

Tho' here on the ice I kneel,  
Cold, somehow, I fail to feel;  
But a glowing warmth as she  
Glances shyly down at me.

And tho', swiftly in and out,  
Skaters whirl and twirl about,  
Circling gracefully around  
To the music's rhythmic sound,

Still, I positively state,  
There is not one can gyrate,  
Like the wheels within my pate,  
As I fasten Phyrne's skate.

## SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

SOMEBODY loves me,  
And I know who!  
The darkling sky seems the bluest  
blue,  
The flowers seem gowned in a lovelier  
hue,  
Since I've found out, and I know it's  
true—  
That somebody loves me—  
And I know who.

Somebody loves me,  
I won't tell who!  
It wouldn't be the right thing to do;  
I worried myself for a month or two,  
She wouldn't tell me, so I won't tell  
you;  
But somebody loves me—  
And I know who.

Somebody loves me,  
And I know who!  
Somebody's laughing eyes of blue  
Let just the tiniest gleam slip through;  
All by mistake, I think, don't you?  
But somebody loves me—  
And I know who.

## A REFLECTION.

**A** WEE, winsome bit of a woman—  
More fair than tongue hath  
told—

With eyes as blue as turquoise—  
Brow bound with burnished gold.

Formed like the Captive Venus  
From her sun-kissed hair to her feet—  
Lips like dew-dipped roses,  
Perplexingly perfect—complete;

'Tis a picture, dear, of some one,  
With face and form divine,  
Who has come like a breath from heaven  
Into this heart of mine.

The original? You would see her,  
You little inquisitive lass,  
Who has captured this old bachelor?  
Consult your looking glass.

## THE LOST LOVE.

**W**HAT love of all loves is the  
dearest  
To the love-hungry, sad, human  
heart?

The great mother love, the sincerest?  
Or the love that will never depart?

Or is it the love of our childhood?  
Or the love of a lost summer's day?  
The love we have wooed in the wild  
wood?  
Or the love that will live on for aye?

Nay! The love of all loves shining  
clearest  
In our world-weary souls, tempest  
tossed—

The love that is nearest and dearest  
Is the love we still love but have lost.

## SOMETHING ABOUT HER.

THERE was something about her  
    appealed to him;  
    Something mystical, hazy, dim—  
    Seemed to her silken skirts to cling;  
    Some subtle, strange, intangible thing—  
From her rust-red hair to her ankles  
    trim.

It may have been true or just a whim;  
Seemingly she was most mild and prim;  
    But floating around on Rumor's wing—  
There was something about her.

But he didn't care! In the social swim  
Both reputations and waists are slim;  
    In the rose-hued realm where Folly's  
    king  
    "A past" is a deucedly proper thing;  
So, when she dreamily called him  
    "Jim"—  
There was *something* about her.

## THEN AND NOW.

HER wedding cards arrived to-day;  
    As I read the dainty lines  
    My fancy wanders backward and  
    In the distant gloaming, finds  
Us slowly strolling, hand in hand,  
    'Neath the greenwood's spreading  
    bough;  
I the old, sweet story told—  
    The other fellow tells it now.

While I sit alone, to-night,  
    Confirmed old bachelor to the last,  
Dreaming o'er the faded leaves  
    In the album of the past—  
What is this? A tear-drop falling?  
    The sunshine of my life I thought  
    her;  
I could shed a sea of tears—  
    For the luckless guy who got her.

## WHEN SHE SAID "YES."

**W**HEN she said "yes,"  
You do not know,  
I'm sure you'd never guess  
The girl I mean;  
Yet of my heart that little "yes"  
Made her the queen;  
And me her humble slave,  
I must confess—  
When she said "yes."

When she said "yes,"  
'Twas like a rose  
Within some wilderness,  
Its fragrance pure  
Exhaling everywhere—so "yes,"  
From lips demure,  
Diffused within my heart  
True happiness—  
When *you* said "yes."

## TELL ME TRULY, TILLY.

**T**ILLY is twenty years old to-day  
(She told me herself, so I  
know)—

Twenty short summers have passed  
away

In the autumn's golden glow.  
In the whispering breeze's murmurings  
The news to the leaves is told,  
And the leaves laugh back in answer—  
"Tilly is twenty years old."

Tilly is twenty years old to-day—  
She told me herself—but I know  
A thing or two about Tilly, old girl,  
That the family records show.  
"Born in '79, Matilda,"  
They read in letters bold,  
So if you believe for a minute  
Tilly is twenty—*you're sold.*

### HOW GOSSIP GOES.

**T**HIRTY women, all told,  
Were at Mrs. Van Talkem's tea,  
Telling the trouble of every one  
Who happened to absent be.

Said Mrs. I. Knowet to Mrs. Dotel,  
"If you'll promise you'll never repeat  
What I say, I'll tell you a secret—  
A scandal that's simply a treat.  
"Mrs. Soandso did such and such,  
Etcetera and so on, you know;  
I'm not sure it's true, and I've told only  
you—  
Don't repeat it, dear. Well, I must  
go."

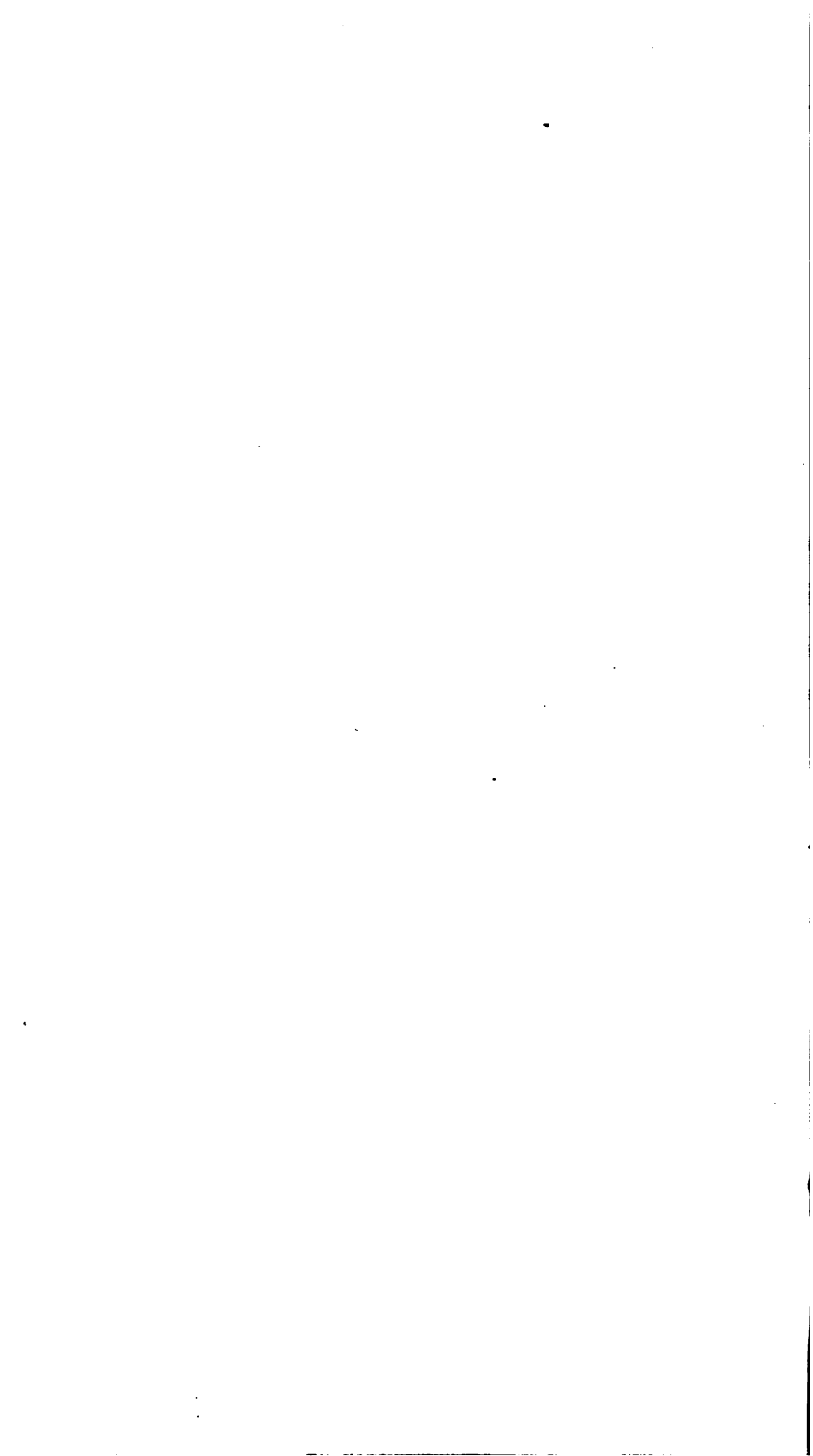
So she went, and after she'd gone,  
If you looked in you'd behold,  
Remaining at Mrs. Van Talkem's tea,  
Twenty-nine women—*all told.*



**TO "THE THREE OF YOU."**

**L**OVE is sacrifice and service, and life's pathway is strewn with briars; but as long as love and life go onward hand in hand, you will find a rainbow in every tear and God's peace and blessing will crown your cup of joy.

“Jes’ Dreamin’”



### JES' DREAMIN'.

JES' dreamin'—  
'Thout a thought  
Of a lot of things I ought  
To get done;  
But jes' 'low me to acquaint  
Y' with the bloomin' fac', I ain't  
Worryin' none.

People ask me what I 'spect  
To become,  
An' I kind o' guess I'll be  
Jes' a bum;  
Somehow I can't resurrect  
No excuse—  
Jes' a habit like 'ith me—  
What's the use?

Jes' dreamin'  
All the time;  
Life and work don't seem to rhyme  
Somehow 'ith me;  
While the rest of the world's a-schemin',  
Lemme be—  
Jes' dreamin'.

Dreamin' lemme live my day  
(A little work, a little play),  
An' 'nen lemme pass away—  
Jes' dreamin'.

## DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

**D**ID you ever stop to think, as you  
worry 'long Life's road,  
What's the use o' all your growl-  
in' an' a grumblin' at your  
load?

This here ain't such a awful world to  
live in, after all;  
There's lots o' things to take the place  
o' bitterness an' gall;  
The sunshine 'at's a-floatin' 'round 'ud  
kind o' make you blink,  
If you'd only turn an' face it—  
Did you ever stop to think?

The trouble is 'at people start to worry  
jes' a bit,  
An' then before they know it they get  
kind o' used to it;  
An' sort o' spread their cares around,  
ain't never satisfied—  
If they've got no one 'at's dyin' they  
rake up the ones 'at's died.  
They don't seem comfortable 'less 'ey  
stand on sorrow's brink  
An' cuss the world an' worry—  
Did you ever stop to think?

Did you ever stop to think the sun's a-  
shinin' over all,  
That this world's no sphere o' sorrow,  
tho' it ain't no golden ball;  
But it's full o' joy an' gladness as a  
pansy bed with faces,  
An' all you got to do is jes' to dodge  
the gloomy places;  
Jes' hustle to be happy an' you'll find  
the missin' link  
That's connectin' earth an' heaven—  
Did you ever stop to think?

### WHAT'S THE USE?

**W**HAT'S the use o' worryin'?  
Let the world jog on;  
Things 'at's comin's comin',  
Things 'at's gone is gone.

'Fore you was a-peepin'  
The earth was rollin' 'round  
Jes' the way it will be  
When you're under ground.

What's the use o' worryin'?  
It will come all right;  
'Round you seems the darkest  
When you're in the light.

Take things as you find 'em,  
An' jes' be satisfied;  
The man 'at wanted everything  
Was wantin' when he died.

What's the use o' worryin'?  
Be happy where you're at;  
Don't bother 'bout the future—  
God's a-runnin' that.

## THE END OF THE WORLD.

**I**T came with a horrible rumbling roar  
In the deathly still of the night;  
A crash and all was chaos—  
And we saw through the blinding light  
The awful fear on each human face  
Turned heavenward to implore  
One minute's grace—a minute's space,  
And all breathing life was o'er.

The mountains crumbled into the sea,  
Whose waves surged higher, higher;  
Till the earth was wrapped, from pole to  
pole,  
In a lurid lake of fire.  
And the world, its little allotted course  
In the mighty universe run,  
A sizzling, seething ball of flame,  
Dashed downward toward the sun.

And 'way out on another planet,  
In the firmament, gleaming afar,  
A little child cried: "Oh, mamma, look!  
See the pretty shooting star."

## JES SATISFIED.

(A No'th Ca'lina Soliloquy, Andanté.)

**J**ES satisfied, Sal's, all Ah want to be,  
Jes kind o' cumfo'table—'neath a  
tree;  
Jes lyin' 'round with nuthin' else to do  
But wait foh meals an' keep the flies  
off you;  
Ah guess that that'll be enough foh me.

Ah sutinly need a nurse an' you can see  
You'll have to take a chance—'taint  
often we  
Can think of any one we evah knew  
*Jes* satisfied.

But Ah've a hunch that you an' Ah'll  
agree  
'Bout everything, jes long's you leave me  
be  
To do as Ah durn please; an' as foh  
you—  
Why, Sally girl, you jes got to be true;  
An' Ah? Ah'll be in heaven, girlie!  
gee—  
*Jes* satisfied.

### THE OLD, OLD DAYS.

**T**HE old, old days,  
The old, old days—  
How far we have drifted adown  
the stream  
Of Life—where sorrows and troubles  
teem,  
And, oh! how dear in the distance  
seem—

The old, old days.

I wonder, do you remember, too,  
Back o'er the years that so swiftly flew,  
Back to the hours of our childhood  
plays—  
To the laughter and tears of the old,  
old days?

Tears and laughter and laughter and  
tears  
Mingled, as now, in the bygone years,  
But the laughter still in my memory  
stays,  
While the tears dried soon in the old,  
old days.

The old, old days,  
The old, old days,  
The days we wished we were grown-up  
men,  
But now we know we were happiest  
then—  
And oh! how we wish we could live  
again

The old, old days.



**"WHAT'S THE USE O' ANY-  
THING?—NOTHIN'."**

**W**E'RE hustled into this weary  
world  
Without knowing why or how;  
If any one asked us our consent  
It's slipped our memory now;  
But after we're here we have to work  
And grumble and growl and sigh,  
Just to be able to draw our breath—  
Then all we can do is—die.

Some strive onward with might and  
main,  
And finally reach the top;  
But the struggle is really an awful  
strain,  
With a horrible distance to drop;  
And after the battle is fought and won  
And we stand on a pedestal high,  
We may manage to stick 'til our sands  
are run—  
Then all we can do is—die.

But what if we, somehow, can't struggle  
up,  
And are left with the mass below—  
Happy in getting our meat and sup,  
And smile at the world's vain show?  
What, after all, do we win, my boy,  
When for laurels and wreath we try?  
E'en glory and gold at last will cloy—  
Then all we can do is—die.

So give us something to eat and drink,  
With a good soft place to sleep;  
Some clothes to cover our nakedness,  
And the wealth and the fame will  
keep.  
Just crown our cup with a woman's  
love—  
A love that no gold can buy;  
And we'll live our day in our own little  
way—  
Then all we can do is—die.

### BUBBLES.

**H**OW oft when little children we  
Would sit and watch in ecstasy  
That shimmering, glistening skin  
of soap  
Filled full of wind—ah! childhood's  
dope—

Bubbles.

And as thro' life we plod and strive,  
"Dead lucky" that we're still alive,  
That beacon light and anchor—Hope—  
Becomes our substitute for soap  
Bubbles.

But wind, when it has done its worst,  
Can do but one thing more—that's burst,  
Bust or blow up—use your own term—  
Life, Hope, Wealth, Power—and then—  
the Worm—

*Bubbles!*

## THE LAST WORD.

"I AM dying, Egypt! Dying!"  
But no poet's theme extols  
Cleopatra's final finish—  
Her soliloquy on souls:—

"As a Christian soul must orthodox  
apologies I'll spare—  
Historians have writ me down as slightly—well—bizarre;  
But, as I'm now about to leave, before  
I go I'll state  
Some of the souls upon this earth I  
must confess I hate:—

"These little souls, anæmic souls, souls  
that are down and out—  
Puerile souls too cheap for Egypt's  
queen to talk about,  
Ingrain souls and crossgrain souls, souls  
that are warped and split—  
Souls that preach—but when it comes to  
practice—aber nit!  
Self-centered souls, long-winded souls,  
souls that are all puffed up—  
Souls that inhabit anything from proud  
Cæsar to a pup!"

Relieved of this, the asp she grasped—  
No wonder that it bit her—  
And to the snake this sigh she gasped  
As life and love both quit her:—

"I was an atom among a bunch  
Of a billion or more, I guess;  
And what in the æon of ages, Asp,  
Is an atom, more or less?  
An atom is only an atom—  
Yet e'en among atoms I ween  
There are atoms and atoms and atoms—  
But not every atom's a—Queen!"

## MAN'S WANTS.

MAN wants but little here below,  
And what he wants, I wot,  
Is just a little more, you know,  
Than the little that he's got.

But when he gets that little,  
Why, he wants a little yet,  
And the little he yet wants is just  
The little he can't get.

## AN OLD COAL FIRE.

'poets trill their triolets about the  
olden days,  
The dear old-fashioned people  
with the queer old-fashioned  
ways;  
em warble of the blue with which  
r boyhood skies were cast,  
ll the other hazy, mazy pleasures  
the past;  
ten to your Uncle while he tunes  
little lyre  
ngs a little sonnet of an

Old  
Coal  
Fire.

member all about "the coffee  
ther used to make,"  
happy days down on the farm"  
re great, and no mistake;  
ep in loving memory that same  
e swimmin' hole,"  
attic window" into which the  
nshine" always stole.  
st between ourselves, you know,  
thing I most desire  
it and poke the bubbles in an

Old  
Coal  
Fire.

registers and heaters, with their  
amin', steamin', steamin',  
od enough for heating, but no use  
all for dreamin';  
uinly would take a most excep-  
tional discerner  
"old-fashioned faces" in a "Sims  
bestos Burner."  
electro-plated yule log" doesn't,  
ehow, just inspire  
e warm and mellow glowing of

Old  
Coal  
Fire.

So away with all new-fangled apparat-  
uses to heat  
That don't provide a good old-fashioned  
fender for the feet;  
Give us back the happy days they sing  
about in songs  
When our "Lares and Penates" were the  
poker and the tongs—  
For while the meter's metin' and the gas  
bill's climbin' higher  
I certainly do hanker for an

Old  
Coal  
Fire.

## DID YOU?

**D**ID you ever think through this  
long, lean life,  
Of the difference 'tween Theory  
and Fact?  
Of the wonderful theories we think over  
night,  
And the durn foolish way that we act?

## THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH.

**L**ET us live the length and the  
breadth of life,  
And live it long and broad—  
We were only pushed into this puerile  
strife  
By the will of a wilsome God;  
And whether we're wrong or whether  
we're right  
No one but this God can tell;  
While the sum and substance of all your  
fright  
Is a fable of heaven and hell.

So let us live in this limelight age—  
In the limelight money's glare;  
Let us live with only the fools to *do*  
And only the fools to dare;  
But whether we're dared or whether  
we're *done*  
In this crazily strenuous strife—  
Let us each of us—all of us—every one  
Live the length and the breadth of  
life.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the depths beneath to the heights  
above—  
The length and the breadth of life is—  
*Love.*

## THE OLD MILL POND.

**S**AY, fellers, do you recollect the  
place we used to skate?

The mill pond in the hollow where  
the "gang" would congregate  
In the good, old-fashioned winter when  
the wind your ears would nip,  
And we had a lot more winter and a  
whole lot less o' grippe?

Do you recollect the bonfire we would  
build upon the bank,

And the row of red-cheeked girls a-  
sittin' gigglin' 'long a plank

While we fellers strapped the skates  
upon their dainty little feet,

And a stolen glimpse of ankle made our  
happiness complete?

Between the past and present there's no  
clearer, dearer bond

Than the memory of evenings on that  
Old  
Mill  
Pond.

This skatin' in a "Garden," 'neath the  
bright electric light—

With a band a-playin' ragtime, is the  
proper thing, all right;

But I ain't so much for skatin' round  
a circle at a price

With an artificial female on your arti-  
ficial ice,

As for the way we did it in the winters  
long ago,

When the trees spread out their queer,  
fantastic shadows on the snow.

There was a tiny, mittened hand I used  
to slyly squeeze

As in unison we glided in the shadows  
of the trees;

The only light we needed was the old  
moon up beyond

Shinin' down and kind o' smilin' on that  
Old  
Mill  
Pond.

**SUFFICIENT.**

**S**IT and tell yourself stories  
As the day drifts into night;  
Sit and tell yourself stories  
And dream of things coming right.

If you are rudely awakened  
(Your stories not what they seem),  
And things come wrong—'stead of  
right—  
All right—you've had your dream.

“Aftermath”





### TRAILING ARBUTUS.

**A** LONG a winding footpath,  
Deep in a tangled glen,  
I oft'times strolled in silence,  
Far from the haunts of men.  
'Til once, as dreamily musing  
Beneath that sylvan bower,  
Peeping pink from the faded leaves  
I saw a fairy flower.

Slowly I stoop to pick it,  
When lo! to my surprise  
A wealth of heavenly beauty  
Nestles before my eyes;  
And thro' the silent forest  
Its perfume soft and rare  
Floats like a breath from heaven  
Upon the fragrant air.

So along life's pathway  
Often we blindly go,  
Seeing only the faded leaves,  
And moss, and never know  
Until we delve beneath them  
And there bursts upon the air  
All the beauty and the fragrance  
God has hidden there.

## THE PHILOSOPHER.

**H**E sees his childhood's fairy  
themes—  
Themes nurtured in the Mother-  
heart—  
Give place to youth's unhampered  
dreams  
Of vanquished foe in field and mart.

He sees the dreams of youth dissolve  
In stern realities of strife;  
Realities from which evolve  
The ever poignant pains of Life.

Valiant; he yet assails the height  
Enveloped in the clouds above;  
Till, Victory on his shield alight,  
He rests upon the breast of Love.

He feels Love's warm embrace grow  
cold:  
Onward again he blindly gropes;  
His only guiding ray—his gold—  
The glitt'ring coffin of his hopes.

And then he turns unto himself  
And asks th' eternal question: "Why?"  
Why Hope, Ambition, Power, Wealth—  
Why Love, why Life—if but to die?

He delves within the Book of Time;  
He cons the mold-encrusted page.  
Through every season, every clime,  
He seeks the *Why* from seer and sage.

All streams of knowledge to him flow—  
The centuries' researches bring;  
Yet all he learns is but to know  
The nothingness of everything.

Broken, he sinks beside a pool;  
Thirsting, he bends above the rim:  
Lo! from the crystal waters, cool,  
The mirrored *Why* grins up at him:

"Wealth, Power, Love, Life—all but  
occur  
To make a *fool Philosopher*.

### "THE REAL THINGS."

**T**HE real things! the real things!  
That make the world worth while;  
The real things! the real things!  
On Time's unchanging dial;  
Are not the fleeting follies  
We grasp and strive to hold;  
The real things! the real things!  
Are minted in God's mold.

The real things! the real things!  
Are flowers and summer skies;  
The real things! the real things!  
Are babies' laughing eyes;  
Fear, prejudice and hatred  
Are ghostly wraiths, uncouth;  
The real things! the real things!  
Are courage, justice, truth.

The real things! the real things!  
To each and all belong;  
The real things! the real things!  
The laughter, light and song;  
Sickness, pain and sorrow  
Set guidons toward the goal;  
The real things! the real things!  
Are heart and mind and soul.

The real things! the real things!  
Are warm lips pressed to mine;  
The real things! the real things!  
Are life and love divine;  
Death's dark is but a dawning—  
God's beacon light—ahoy!  
The real things! the real things!  
Are *joy* and *joy* and *joy*!

## THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

**T**HE soldier lies in the muddy bed  
Of the trenches the whole night  
long,  
He hears the song of the speeding lead,  
And knows there is death in the song.  
He fights for the flag 'til his eyes grow  
dim—  
For his country he gives his life;  
Yet our keenest sympathy's not for him,  
But goes out to the soldier's wife.

Not for her is the battle cry  
And the fierce red joy of the fight;  
But lonely to lie with a smothered sigh  
Thro' the long, still gloom of the  
night.  
Not for her is the onward charge  
And the glory and glare of the strife;  
But to watch and wait at a lonely gate  
Is the task of the soldier's wife.

To watch and wait with a burning  
brain—  
With her love pent up in her breast;  
While her nerves beat wildly a dull  
refrain  
To her aching heart's unrest.  
No flag floats gayly above her head;  
She hears not the drum nor the fife;  
She watches the sun in the west sink  
red,  
And sighs—does the soldier's wife.

So sing, if you will, of the soldier brave,  
And the glorious deeds he has done;  
Weep at the thought of a lonely grave  
'Way out 'neath the setting sun;  
But sadder far than that strip of sod  
Is the sight of a broken life;  
So stop and send up a prayer to God—  
A prayer for the soldier's wife.

## LOVE'S DWELLING.

**S**HE married him for his title,  
He married her for her gold;  
'Twas a wedding of wealth and  
fashion,  
But Love stood out in the cold.

No family tree Love boasted,  
No ducats nor jewels rare.  
His attire would be most "outré"  
'Mid the royal raiment there.

So out in the cold Love waited,  
Out in the twilight dim—  
Where Mammon and Pedigree feasted  
There was no room for him.

They went to live in a palace  
With turrets towered above,  
But tho' oft he knocked at the portal,  
They were never "at home" to Love.

Other guests were welcomed—  
Trooping in by the score,  
They jostled each other on entering,  
But brushed by Love at the door.

There was Envy, Hatred and Malice,  
Who one by one went in,  
Followed by jaundiced Jealousy,  
Then softly by crept Sin.

But still Love patiently waited,  
Thro' many a night and day,  
Thinking to slip in somehow  
When the stork would come that way.

But the stork was barred at the portal,  
The butler "good form" stood there;  
So, seeing his last chance vanish,  
Love gave up in despair.

Now, near to the princely palace  
There nestled a cabin poor;  
And Love, grown weary with waiting,  
Softly knocked at the door.

Now it chanced that the lowly cottage  
Was home to a maiden sweet,  
Who welcomed the little stranger  
And gave him the chimney-seat.

Then came a youth a-courting  
The flower of his heart's desire,  
And Love and the youth and the maiden  
Sat gathered about the fire.

The palace stands bleak and empty;  
Its ruins rise bare and lone;  
The bride and the bridegroom have vanished;  
And gone—ask the winds that moan.

O'er all hangs an awful stillness;  
The only sound in the air  
Is the hollow fall of the footsteps  
Of the erstwhile guests on the stair.

But over the door of the cottage  
Great clusters of roses cling,  
While ever amid the fragrance  
The voices of children ring.

The palace stands bleak and empty,  
Alone and in ruins, but  
God's peace hangs over the hovel,  
For Love dwells still in the hut.

### THE SMILE OF A MOTHER.

THE smile of a mother!  
Ah! world, in thy search  
For the "why" and the "what"—  
thy creed or thy church,  
Why not forever thy restlessness  
smother—  
In the smile of a mother?

The "why"?—it is there—  
You know it as well  
As your Bible-taught story of heaven  
and hell.  
The "what"?—is to be in the baby that  
lies  
At the breast of the mother—it's sweet,  
sleepy eyes  
May see far beyond—baby fingers un-  
curled  
Will point in the future the way of the  
world—  
Man's world; God Himself points the  
path to the other  
In the smile of a mother.

## PENNSY'S FIGHTING TENTH.

(Air "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky.")

**T**HEY were bred out in the country,  
And they're thoroughbred all  
through;  
They're the pride of Pennsylvania,  
A yard wide and all wool, too;  
They are rawboned, long and lanky,  
But each one's a blooming Yankee—  
In Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

They were called on by their country,  
And you bet each mother's son,  
In the time it takes to tell it,  
Shook the plow and grabbed a gun.  
Tears behind and fame before them,  
With Old Glory floating o'er them,  
Went Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

Went away to far Manila,  
And on that eventful night  
Of the battle of Malaté,  
In the hottest of the fight,  
Where the Mausers spoke the quickest  
And the dying lay the thickest—  
Fought Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

Now again the news is thundered,  
Over cables 'round the world,  
That our boys in blue are struggling  
'Neath the starry flag unfurled;  
And once more the same old story—  
In the front for dear Old Glory  
Are Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.

Boys, when all the trouble's over,  
And you come a-marching back,  
We'll tear this old State open  
In your honor—that's a fact.  
By the flag that floats above you,  
Boys, goldarn ye, we're proud of you,  
You're Pennsy's Fighting Tenth.



## A WARNING TO THE TENTH.

**Y**OU have crossed the broad Pacific,  
Answering your country's call;  
You have met the wily Spaniard  
And have braved the Mauser ball.

You have chased the Philipinos  
'Round the islands with a gun,  
Just the same as hunting rabbits  
In the winter time for fun.

You have faced all kinds of fevers,  
Never flinched before a foe;  
Perhaps you've eaten canned roast beef  
And lived—for all I know.

But these are trifles empty  
When you realize the fate  
That is waiting, watching for you  
When you pass the Golden Gate:

A nation you'll find gathered on  
The wharf to see you land,  
And each individual atom  
Will proceed to shake your hand.

From 'Frisco on the West coast  
To "Pennsy" in the East  
You'll have to eat and drink your way—  
One grand triumphal feast.

And when to Pittsburgh you get back  
Once more to old West Penn,  
If you've not given up before  
I see your finish then.

The mammas and the maidens all  
Will deluge you in tears,  
And grateful fellow citizens  
Will fill you up with beers.

Then bravely you will have to bear  
A suffering intense.  
When local orators let loose  
Their guns of eloquence.

But, alas, for the survivors!  
All those still drawing breath  
Will be handed over to the girls  
And Hobsonized to death.

## THAT OLD-FASHIONED WHISTLE.

**I**N his big easy rocker where mother  
has left him,  
Left him and softly tiptoed up to  
bed,  
The old man sits dozing and drowsily  
dreaming—  
Dreaming of years that have long ago  
fled.  
And as his thoughts wander back to his  
childhood,  
Back o'er the dim, hazy pathway of  
years,  
A strain soft and low of an old-fash-  
ioned measure  
Is wafted by memory back to his ears.  
'Tis just a few bars of most fantastic  
music,  
But his mouth puckers up in a sweet  
smile of joy,  
As back from the past comes that old-  
fashioned whistle—  
The whistle he whistled when he was  
a boy.

He sees the old mill and the swimming  
hole near it  
Where at that whistle he'd slip on the  
sly;  
He remembers that tune, as it came  
thro' the twilight,  
To wake him at dawn on the Fourth  
of July.  
Now, drifting onward, he sees the old  
maple,  
Shading the home of a long ago Love,  
Where he would stop as he passed in the  
moonlight—  
(Stop 'neath a window half opened  
above),  
Then, tho' with heart in his mouth, he  
would whistle,  
And nothing on earth could his happi-  
ness cloy,  
As there came soft and low in the still-  
ness his answer—  
The whistle *she* whistled when he was  
a boy.

The old man gets up from his big easy  
 rocker,  
 A smile on his face and his eyes  
 twinkling bright,  
 And as if bent on some dark depredation  
 Softly opens the door and goes out in  
 the night;  
 Gently he slides round beneath mother's  
 window,  
 Half open now, as it used to be then,  
 And in the moonlight his old face he  
 puckers  
 And whistles that old-fashioned whis-  
 tle again.  
 Now holding his breath the old man  
 stops and listens—  
 Then his old figure shakes as he  
 chuckles with joy,  
 As once more he hears that dear old-  
 fashioned whistle,  
 The whistle *she* whistled when he was  
 a boy.

### THE MAN WITH THE LIGHT.

YOU ask, "Who was it in that brain  
 blew out  
 The light and left it as a dark-  
 ened cell?"  
 But what of him! The man within  
 whose brain  
 The light is burning like a blazing  
 hell—  
 A gleaming searchlight on his inner  
 self—  
 Searing his soul—revealing unto him  
 The awful failure of a human life.  
 What of this man! Created by God's  
 grace—  
 Who cannot look his fellow in the face.  
 And knows that he has yet to face his  
 God?

## GONE!

WHERE are the names of yesterday?  
'Mong the attic's treasures I  
searched last night,  
Bringing once more to the candle  
light  
Magazines, dusty and covered with  
mould—  
Some of them barely ten short years  
old;  
Yet in their pages stood many a name,  
Illum'd by the calcium light of fame—  
Many a name that to-day's forgot—  
In the press of the present we know  
them not.

Where will be the names of to-day?  
When a few short years have drifted  
by?  
A winter's cold, a summer's sky—  
Some dozen drinks, some scanty meals,  
While a tenth of a century past us steals,  
And when those next ten years roll  
'round,  
Where will the names of To-day be  
found?  
Yea, where will be the names of To-  
day?  
Gone—with the names of yesterday.

## A GRAVE.

DARK is the night—  
The waves dash white  
Their feathery tops of foam;  
When thro' the gloom  
The huge sides loom  
Of the Portland speeding home.

A sudden shock—  
The wild winds mock  
The pitiful cries to save;  
A hand snow white  
Gleams once in the night,  
And the sea rolls on—a grave.

### A LULLABY.

THE moon am a climbin' an' the  
stars am a shinin',  
Hush a-by, pickaninny, hush  
a-bye,  
Youh dady's gone a huntin' foh a cot-  
ton tail buntin',  
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.  
He'll catch it, may be; so now go to  
sleep ma baby,  
While youh mammy puts the 'possum  
on to fry,  
And when you wakes up, honey, you  
will hab a little bunny,  
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.

#### REFRAIN.

Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye-  
bye-bye,  
Hush a-bye-bye, hush a-bye.  
The southern sun's at rest, softly sleep  
on mammy's breast,  
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.

The tree-toad am a callin' an' the  
shadows am a fallin'—  
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.  
The wind am softly sighin' and the sum-  
mer day am dyin'—  
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.  
The fairies am a standin' at the dream  
ship's little landin'  
To sail with you away up in the sky,  
'Mong the winky wunks to play all the  
night 'til break o' day,  
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.

#### REFRAIN.

Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye-  
bye-bye,  
Hush a-bye-bye, hush a-bye.  
The southern sun's at rest, softly sleep  
on mammy's breast,  
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.

## THE MESSENGER.

**I**N mortal illness he lay trembling there,  
Noting, with aching brain and dumb  
despair,  
The feeble fluttering of his fleeting  
breath;  
Waiting the coming of grim-visaged  
Death.  
An awful stillness filled the darkened  
room,  
He felt Death's presence in the gathered  
gloom;  
One moment of an agonizing fear—  
A gasp—the dreaded messenger was  
near.  
His time had come, he knew. He  
turned his head  
In terror, and lo! there beside the bed  
His angel mother stood—upon her  
face  
A smile of heavenly peace—and from  
the place  
She led him as a voice said "He is dead."

## TO A PAIR OF GLAD EYES.

**G**LADYS GLADEYES, they have  
named you  
With your open eyes of blue,  
Gazing out in childish wonder  
On the world—ah, sweet, that you  
May forever see the sunshine  
And may never know the woe,  
That forever and forever  
Stalks about the world below.

May your glad eyes ever glisten,  
As they do to-day, my pet,  
When you sail Life's sea of sorrow;  
And thro' all, dear, may they yet  
Ever look with joy of childhood  
To the clouds' bright silver side—  
Ever seeing but the sunlight,  
Seeing life, love, glorified.

"O MOTHER MINE—MY OWN!"

"MOTHERLESS"—Yes!—so they  
said  
A many years ago—  
When I was but a little lad—  
A lad of ten or so;  
A little happy laughing lad—  
But I recall the day  
The laughter died 'til tears dried—  
When Mother went away.

O but the world was lonely!  
The days so long and drear—  
Just sort of missing Mother mine  
Throughout the weary year;  
Until, somehow, I seemed to sense  
A wondrous fund of love  
Enveloping me all about—  
A breath from Heaven above.

And as I older grew I learned  
To feel her presence near;  
To feel her watching over me—  
Trying to point the clear  
Straight path ahead; and if I failed  
To walk just as I should,  
'Twas always comforting to think  
That Mother understood.

Then as the years wore on and life  
It's many burdens brought;  
And Mother's words and lessons passed  
Unheeded and forgot;  
In dark despair I still had faith  
That "Mother understood"—  
And everything would come right if  
I'd do the best I could.

And so throughout the years I've felt  
My little Mother here;  
When I've been wrong I've felt her  
frown—  
When the right I've felt the dear  
Sweet smile of love and pride and joy;  
And just some little thing—  
A kindly act or gentle word—  
A wealth of peace would bring.

Yes! "Motherless"—I may have seemed  
That dark day long ago;  
But I was just a little lad—  
A lad—and didn't know  
That those we love are never lost—  
Have but gone on before  
Where they can hover over us  
And love and care the more.

O Mother mine! Where e'er you are,  
 I'm still your boy to you;  
 You still will be beside me when  
 This earthly task is through;  
 And, if you stand in the White Light  
 Of God's celestial Throne—  
 I thank Him! thank Him! for your love,  
 O Mother mine, my own!

# HARRIET.

(Died; age, fourteen.)

JUST for a little while  
                     She stayed—  
 Happily, cheerily; undismayed  
 By sickness and pain of the mortal  
                     clay  
 She lived in the sunlight her swift,  
                     sweet day;  
 God, was it good to have sent her this  
                     way—  
                             Just for a little while?

Just for a little while!  
                     God knows  
 The way of it—why of it; lo! the rose  
 Bloomed but its day, yet its soul still  
                     breathes  
 Out from that rose-jar of faded  
                     leaves;  
 And Death but garners God's golden  
                     sheaves—  
                             Just for a little while.



## GOODBY! GOODBY!

"GOODBY! Goodby!"  
A happy laugh,  
The words flung to the wind like  
chaff;  
'Tis but a parting for a day,  
With buoyant hearts and spirits gay—  
A kiss, a wave, a happy cry—  
"Goodby! Goodby!"

"Goodby! Goodby!"  
In earnest tone—  
One of the two is left alone;  
The other out into the world  
Is going forth, his flag unfurled,  
The bitter fight of life to try—  
"Goodby! Goodby!"

"Goodby! Goodby!"  
The voice is low—  
A human heart is wrung with woe;  
Death's shadow falls across a cot,  
The fight is o'er, the battle's fought,  
The words come in a breaking sigh—  
"Goodby! Goodby!"

## LILIES 'ROUND THE CROSS.

LILIES twined 'round the cross—  
The emblem of Eastern morn;  
The cross, Christ's death's in-  
signia—  
The lilies—of Christ new-born;  
Typifying the triumph of life  
And love over Calvary's loss,  
The wakening world on Easter  
Twines lilies around the cross.

In the wildering maze of life  
Each has his cross to bear,  
And yours may seem so heavy  
That you'd fain sink down in despair;  
But turn with a smile to the sunlight,  
Away from your trouble or loss,  
And singing, in spite of your sorrow,  
Twine lilies around your cross.

**"NON HODIE, SED SEMPER."**

(In Memoriam Henry B. Hyde.)

**H**E planted a seed by the wayside,  
And planted his heart in the  
seed;  
And he waited and watched its growing,  
And tended its every need.

The sprout sprang upward and flour-  
ished,  
'Til at last did the planter see  
A mighty oak where the seed was sown,  
And his heart was the heart of the  
tree.

Then the planter's task was finished;  
The gaunt, grim reaper spoke:  
Called his soul to his God—his clay to  
the sod,  
But his heart beats on in the oak.

## THE THINGS I USED TO KNOW

I KNOW a lot of things to-day I didn't  
use to know;

I know the deadly currents of the  
world's dread undertow;

I know life's bitter lessons—know  
them all from A to Z—

Learned in life's school of sorrow—  
school of sin and misery.

Oh! would that I could but forget the  
great tide's ebb and flow,

And learn again the long-forgotten  
Things I used to know.

I used to know the valley where the  
rarest violets grew,

The woodland where arbutus first  
peeped shyly up to view;

I used to know a big hole where the  
chubs were sure to bite,

The places 'long the old creek where  
the bottom was all right;

Where Mrs. Catbird had her nest half  
hidden in the brush;

The Bob-white's cheery whistle—the low  
warble of the thrush.

I used to know the buds and birds, the  
rocks and woods and trees;

The way to find the honey-hoarded  
storehouse of the bees;

I used to know each sylvan nook, each  
dainty flower that grew—

But sweeter, dearer far than all the  
other things I knew

Was that, no matter where about the  
fields I chanced to roam,

I knew my little Mother's face would  
smile a welcome home.

I know a lot of things to-day I would I  
never knew;

I know my little Mother's gone beyond  
the heaven's blue—

I know the world, man's world, too  
well—'twas God's world I knew  
then—

God's world that I've forgotten—now  
I know my fellowmen;

And oh! I would I could forget—forget  
it all and go

Back to God's world and learn again  
The things I used to know.

## GOSHEN,

'TAIN'T just what you'd call a  
tusslin', rustlin', bustlin', busy  
town;

Fact is folks find time occasion'ly to stop  
hustlin' and set down.

Walkin' fast's a misde-meanor. Don't  
believe it?—ask "Judge"!—

What's the use o' bein winded 'less you  
owe yourself a grudge?

Better rest than be arrested; take things  
easy—don't use Force;

Long as you get yours—be happy; leave  
the "get up" to the horse.

There's some horses!—reg'lar horses;  
not "near" horses, but all there;

And there's roses!—reg'lar roses—roses,  
roses everywhere;

And there's children!—reg'lar children—  
babies, three-year-olds and "kids";

Real ones!—rompin', fightin', fishin',  
swimmin', baseball playin' kids;

Kind-o'-kids-we-use-to-be-ones; maybe  
(?) if you say it quick—

And there's sunshine, love and laughter,  
and good-fellowship spread thick.

Here's to you!—little town o' Goshen!—  
where the "old band" 's playin'  
yet:—

Where there's monuments to memories  
none of use will e'er forget:—

Heroes!—yes, by gosh; and horses!—  
monuments of good ones gone;—

And, what's better still, you're raisin'  
stock to build some more upon.

Let the Jugger-naut o' Progress rumble  
on some other place—

Just you set among your roses—let the  
others set the pace.

With a Past that you are proud of, and  
a Present you enjoy:—

And a Future growin' round you in each  
laughin' girl and boy;—

Dear old town you stand a haven 'mid  
the Chaos of the Fight;—

Here's a bumper to you, Goshen! HOCK  
der Kaiser!—Gesundheit!

## LITTLE GIRLS O' GOSHEN!

**L**ITTLE girls o' Goshen!  
Here's health and wealth to you!  
With your big wide wond'ring eyes  
o' brown  
And laughing eyes o' blue.  
God bless your little fairy feet  
And heads o' black or tow!  
May all your way be holiday  
Mid blooms o' golden-glow!  
May Life be all a Summer-time,  
And all the journey through  
May Love and Joy dance hand in hand  
A rosey-ring with you;  
Here's to you! little women-folk  
With eyes o' blue or brown!  
The mothers of the men to be—  
O girls o' Goshen town.

## OLD AGE.

**O**LD AGE! with what a lean and  
ghostly finger  
You seem to beckon others—  
those who fear  
Thy coming; those who in Life's spring  
would linger,  
Who dread the passing of each fading  
year.  
Old Age! for me you beckon thro' the  
gloaming,  
A smile of welcome on your dear old  
face,  
After the weary years to come a homing,  
And find within your peace a resting-  
place.  
Just let me *live* the years yet intervening;  
Give me to garner such a store of love  
Within me that I, here, may grasp the  
meaning  
Of love celestial in a realm above.  
Greeting the morning-star of Life's to-  
morrow,  
Grant that I may have left beside the  
way  
All erstwhile shadowing wraiths of sin  
and sorrow;  
See but the dawning of the brighter  
day.  
Old Age! so crown my life that Death's  
awaking  
And transformation may seem but to  
be  
A flood of joy, from my full heart out-  
breaking,  
Bearing my soul into Eternity.

**OLD WINE! OLD CLOTHES!  
OLD FRIENDS!**

(A Toast.)

**O**LD Wine!  
Within your depths, old wine,  
Lurk all life's mysteries divine;  
Potent, before our raptured eyes,  
In unveiled radiance to rise—  
The secrets of our souls are thine!  
Old wine.

**O**ld Clothes!  
In what complete repose  
We lounge around in you, old clothes;  
Long since you've found our salient  
points—  
Soothed in soft folds rheumatic  
joints—  
Our gauntness kept "beneath the rose"!  
Old clothes.

**O**ld Friends!  
On you, of all, old friends  
Life's substance and life's salt depends;  
Comrades through all the wearying  
fight—  
Hands grasped to greet th' oncoming  
night;  
God grant us as our journey ends—  
Old friends.

To one of Time's choicest, mellowest  
blends—  
Old wine! Old clothes! Old friends!

**A CLOWN TO HIS DOG.**

**A** CLOWN may joke, and the crowd  
may laugh,  
(Even as you and I.)  
And neither may understand, by half,  
How much of it's wheat and how much  
of it's chaff  
(Even as you and I.)

But it's work of our brains or work of  
our hands—  
Or at least a laugh—that the World de-  
mands;  
The World doesn't know—but the heart  
understands!  
(Even as you and I.)

## SPRING.

**A** LIFE seemed broken, and fair  
Hope lay dead—  
Entombed deep in the dark crypt  
of a heart  
Turned to dull stone within an aching  
breast:  
All soul-songs hushed—e'en God a thing  
apart.

The winter wind soughed thro' the leaf-  
less trees;  
The grey clouds hung low o'er the  
frozen earth  
Wherein the secret alchemy of Life  
Wrought out the mystery of Death  
and Birth.

And then, O Spring! thy sunshine  
warmed the heart;  
Brought back to life fair Hope with  
all her dreams;  
Once more are heard the soul-songs,  
softly sung,  
From feathered throat and thy unfet-  
tered streams.

The south winds came. The dainty  
flowers spring up!  
Soft fleecy clouds float in the blue  
above;  
O, Man! what more do you require to  
prove  
The Life Eternal and God's wondrous  
love?

## THE MEN BEHIND.

**S**ING me a song of the great Un-  
known—

A Song of the unknown Great!  
Who are fighting the fight for the Fight  
alone—

Who strive for the Right and the Right  
alone—

Nor bend 'neath the burden's weight.  
The poor and the helpless! they know  
full well

The helpers who help Mankind  
Are not those who in the limelight dwell,  
But the quiet, cool men behind.

Sing me a song of the Voices' still—

The Ones who have gone before!  
Who led the rough riders up San Juan  
hill?

Ham Fish! They got him! and his voice  
is nil

On earth, forever more.  
And a voice, also quiet, from the tomb  
of Grant

Speaks—while the Rabble for noises pant,  
As the Rabble always will.

Sing me a song of the Good Ones gone!

And a song of the men behind  
Who are giving their brains, if not their  
brawn,

To the work of the world and the com-  
ing dawn

Of Supremacy of Mind.  
A song of the men who work unknown  
For their Nation and their State—

Who work, or fight, for the Truth and  
the Right—

A song of the unknown Great.



## AS AGE CREEPS ON.

**A**S age creeps on may I in calm content  
Review the years and feel, though  
all ill spent,  
They were complete; not lost one  
hour nor day,  
Something each brought of life to  
mark the way—  
Something Remembrance brings of love  
long lent.

Perhaps the tree grew as the twig was  
bent;  
Perhaps 'twas all done with a full intent;  
My Star perhaps will point the easier  
way—  
As age creeps on.

E'en if I could would I the moments  
stay?  
Would I turn back one single hour?  
Nay!  
Life has been sweet—shadows with sunshine  
blent—  
Sorrows, like thistledown, soft sailing  
went;  
Let me but live with Love in calm content  
As age creeps on.

## DOCTOR BULL.

(Paraphrased from "On the Defeat of  
a Great Man" by William Wilberforce  
Lord.)

**G**ONE? How gone? A great soul  
never goes;  
The grave receives its dead.  
The body goes, decays, returns to dust;  
Becomes again the diatoms it was:  
A great soul never goes.  
It stays! in form divine it serves supreme;  
They go who have not *been*—  
They go from nothing here to nothing  
There:  
They go and are forgot.

O ye of little faith! a great God-soul  
Is its own being—born not—cannot die:  
It was and ever is.  
As in the heaven above the sun stands  
fixed,  
And on the earth doth throw  
Its light and warmth, so will his great  
God-soul  
Give life and love through all Eternity.

### DEATH VICTORIOUS.

**P**RONE on his couch the pallid warrior lies;  
Life's battle's lost! dim in the fading light  
Pass in review before his film-sheathed eyes  
The tattered ensigns of each hard-fought fight.

With silent drums Hope's beaten hosts file by;  
Their arms, once bright, now broken—red with rust.  
Above their serried ranks no pennons fly—  
Furled flags and dead ideals lie in the dust.

Slow flutters forth his last low feeble breath;  
His valiant soul, unconquered still, breaks free;  
And in the van Life's victor—Glorious Death—  
Flings out the Banner of the Strife-to-be.

### LOVE'S GARDEN.

**Y**OU ask me, dear, to love but you;  
How can I, when my fool old  
heart  
Is full of other loves—still true  
To each and all, tho' long years part?

Yet what are years to love, Nanette?  
And what is love till proved by years—  
To be a thing we can't forget,  
Nor wash away with futile tears?

Love is a living, lasting thing;  
Each particle but rounds the whole;  
Let all the loves that Life may bring  
Bloom in the garden of your Soul.

**JUST A WORD.**

**A** DAINTY rose diffusing  
Its perfume soft and rare  
Imbues with heaven's fragrance  
The cold and empty air.

So just a word of kindness  
Will oftentimes impart  
A gleam of heavenly happiness  
To some sad empty heart.

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